

# MAGAZINE OF MUSIC.

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## Au Courant.

**M**R. W. T. BEST, when he takes the pen in hand, which is not often, generally contrives to say something smart. His latest tirade is against the present-day style of accompanying the psalmody. Mr. Best evidently does not believe in what is known generally as "word-painting," or what he calls an attempt to imitate "the physical operations of nature." To him it is simply "melancholy" that an organist should skip about the higher octaves for lighting and aviary effects, or that the left hand should stir up open rebellion by a "fearful rumbling and bellowing noise on the deep-sounding bass of the unfortunate organ" whenever there is an allusion to thunder or "the larger fauna of the jungle." The eminent organist is no lover of the chant or hymn-tune as ordinarily employed. The principle of both, he declares, is false in so far as you cannot change the music to suit the changing sentiment of the verses. Mr. Best's remedy for this is to get the people to sing everything in unison, and leave the organist to look after the sentiment by varying his harmonies to suit its requirements. That method might work very well in the hands of Mr. Best; but on the whole perhaps the ordinary organist will do well to leave things as they are, even if, as Mr. Best puts it, he does "fritter away" his instrument in accompanying a handful of singers in the common-places of the octavo anthem.

NOTHING, it appears, is to come of the reported engagement between Miss Hope-Temple and Mr. Messenger. Miss Temple is, of course, very well known as a song-writer, some of her most popular compositions being "An Old Garden," "In Sweet September," "My Lady's Bower," and "The Golden Argosy." One who knows her tell us that her early years were spent in Dover, where her father had many friends among the officers of the garrison located in that part. One evening Miss Hope-Temple, then a girl of fifteen, was invited to compose something for the regimental band. In answer to this she composed a waltz, which was very popular at the time. After her education was finished she went to Paris to study singing under Mme. Déjean; on her return to London she was appointed a professor of singing at the Royal College of Music. Her taste for composition, however, asserted itself, and she sent a song to Mr. Santley for his opinion. He criticised it so severely that for some time she was discouraged. One day, however, Mr. Isidore de Lara heard her sing one of her French songs, and was so pleased with it that he urged her to have it published. The result of this was that "Tis All That I Can Say" was taken up by one of the leading London publishing houses, and since then her popularity has been continually on the increase. But what has come between her and the composer of *Mirette*?

THE Parisians, who fought so long against Wagner, are engaged in a new crusade. They want to keep the works of the young Italian composers out of Paris; and they have so far succeeded that Signor Sonzogno has given up a project he had entertained of renting one of the theatres for the production of Italian operas next May. The *Ménestrel* deplores the senseless outbreak, which it attributes to the influence of the French composers, who act also as critics. Whatever may be its cause, this silly jealousy is simply repellent when the prejudice is affected, not by musical quality, but by nationality. One had thought the end of Chauvinism in France had been reached.

A LADY Bachelor of Music has ceased to be a novelty, although the title must always sound a trifle grotesque. But a lady Mus. Bac. of London University had been unheard of until the other day, when Miss Florence G. E. Higgins passed the examination which entitles her to the distinction. The feat is by no means easy of accomplishment, for in addition to a very high standard of excellence in music, London University requires a thorough knowledge of the scientific theory of sound.

OVER in America they have certainly the quality of enthusiasm, whatever else they may have. Gerardy, the boy 'cellist, has just been there, and this is how his playing has affected one of the crowd: "Modern young prince of the cello!" he salutes him. "Necromancer of soul-entrancing melody! As if his instrument were a heated, sobbing maiden, a sacred object of veneration, passion, fire, love; he courts it, fondles it, embraces it, caresses it with his cheek, almost salutes it with his lips, and nestles it in his arms as if it were a child he adored. There's a fervour in the very grasp of his obedient bow; and as reeds yield to the sorcerous kiss of the breeze, so is this boy witch of the cello moved by the waves of sweet concord, rocked in the cradle of his self-made soul music. As he tempted the melody to come forth into strains rich and enchanting, now as fine, as slender, as delicate as heart fibres, I read the youthful ardour in his appealing glance. Now he closed his eyes and dreamt it out, and as his magic fingers stole over the strings a siren song arose. The lad's soul went into his instrument. The cello wept. My heart melted to tears." A cello that weeps might indeed melt a heart to tears; but Gerardy's cello has evidently softened somebody's head.

GLoucester is about to have a memorial of Samuel Sebastian Wesley in the form of a small window in one of the side chapels of the cathedral. The estimated cost of carrying out the design is only £50, a sum which the friends and admirers of Sam should easily raise. Somebody should next set about collecting all the good stories of Wesley that are floating around.

They would make not a bad memorial in themselves; they would certainly make excellent reading.

MADAME MELBA has been delivering herself on the ever-interesting theme of voice-culture. No voice, according to the eminent *prima donna*, should be trained before the sixteenth year. Up to this time a girl can study, get the rudiments of a general education; then she should go to Paris and go to work. Voice-culture is slow, and the musical training will leave plenty of time for the study of language, musical history, and poetry, and for physical culture. For a singer must master the languages of the operas she intends to sing; she must understand what is being said and sung on the stage. And perfect health is absolutely necessary. As to foods and drinks, Madame Melba has nothing more to say than that you must find out what agrees with you, and stick to it.

THE death is announced of the veteran contrabassist, Mr. Charles Severn, who has, for more than half a century, been a prominent member of our leading opera and other orchestras. He was a member of the king's private band during the reign of George IV.; he played at the Queen's Coronation; and he was also a member of the orchestra when *Elijah* was produced at Birmingham, under Mendelssohn's direction, in 1846. Mr. Severn was an excellent organist, and was for over forty years organist at Islington parish church.

ONE had been inclined to look upon Dr. Richter as a large-souled artist—a man with prejudices certainly, but not with unreasoning, petty prejudices. It is therefore somewhat disappointing to read of the eminent conductor as carrying hatred even beyond the grave. His musical affections for Wagner are so pronounced that he is said to dislike everybody who is not in sympathy with the music of the future. For this reason he was never Rubinstein's friend, and the latter's death did not soften his feeling towards him. He prohibited the members of the Philharmonic Orchestra from playing at the Rubinstein Festival at the Singakademie, and Rubinstein's works are not allowed on the programmes of the Philharmonic concerts. This deplorable attitude is, according to a correspondent, the cause of much comment in musical circles in Vienna. But surely the circumstances are exaggerated!

A WRITER in the *Musical Courier* reminds us of a certain Rev. Mr. Braithwaite, of Carlisle, who died in December, 1753, at the age of 110! As a boy in the local cathedral he began to sing in 1652, and he sang and he sang until death made serious objection to his tone production. I wish we knew more than we do of this extraordinary man's career. When he sang at 80, for example, did the local critics say that his voice was worn? Or were there any to exclaim

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when he was 100, "Yes, yes, truly a great artist; but you should have heard him seventy-five years ago!"

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AN orchestral score without a part for the violins is indeed a novelty. But it exists, and it is not quite unique either. The work so curiously distinguished is Mehul's opera *Uthal*, which has recently been revived with success at Munich. The composer, as has been pointed out, no doubt intended, by the prominence given to the violas, to produce a dreamy, gloomy colouring suitable to the Ossianic subject, but to judge from a *mot* of Grétry, who offered a louis for the sound of an E string, the effect must be somewhat monotonous. Brahms, it may be remembered, has employed the same method of orchestration in the Serenade in A, and in the first movement of the *Deutsches Requiem*. If the plan were to be followed to any extent, it would be an unmistakable case for a Violinists' Protection Association.

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THE much-talked-of *Strand Musical Magazine* has made its appearance, and yet the Thames is not ablaze. The literary portion is decidedly weak; and on the whole the music-publishers have more cause to dread the new-comer than any of the existing musical journals. Mr. Newnes knows how to cater for the people who do their reading in the railway trains; but this new venture shows that he does not quite so well understand the wants of the musical public.

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SIR JOSEPH BARNBY, who has now almost entirely recovered from his illness, is no pessimist in the matter of English music. Like Mr. Bennett, he believes that our musical youth is about to be renewed like the eagles; for he declares that there are to-day more young native composers of merit than at any former period of our musical history. One finds it difficult sometimes—not being a programme annotator—to understand much of our contemporary music, but Sir Joseph thinks we may get assistance by taking a glance at contemporary drama and contemporary art. English music has long shown a disposition to halt between the classical and the romantic schools. This is the analytical age, when people question everything and weigh every fact in the balance, and speculate on the emotions. To that spirit modern music owes its existence, and the yearnings of man, his doubts, his hopes, his fears, have found voice in the romantic music of the present day. That, at any rate, is Sir Joseph Barnby's view of the matter; but one does not become a cynic by saying that there is precious little "romantic" music to account for in these days.

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THE committee have fixed upon the following works for the next Leeds Festival, which will be held on October 2nd, 3rd, 4th, and 5th: *Mass in D*, Beethoven; *The Messiah*, Handel; *Walpurgis Night*, Mendelssohn; *Stabat Mater*, Dvorák; *The Flying Dutchman*, Selection, Wagner; *My spirit was in heaviness*, Bach; *In Exilu Israel*, Wesley. Let us hope that *My spirit was in heaviness* will be made the last item, as being specially fitting after this fine programme of new works.

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CARLYLE, it is to be feared, sadly underestimated the number of fools in the world. I am led to make this not altogether original observation by reading of one of the unexpected results of Emperor William's "Song to Aegir." It seems that in Berlin there is at present quite a craze to have babies christened by the name

of Aegir. A tailor even went to the Mayor's office and asked that his little baby girl might have the popular patronymic. When the clerk told him that Aegir was a male name, he shook his head incredulously and insisted that he could not believe His Majesty would dedicate a song to anybody but a female! Finally, in order to satisfy the man, the clerk christened the little girl "Aegira," and she now has the distinction of being so far the only girl in the world with that name. Some day I hope she will rise up to call her father—well, *not* blessed!

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THE profits of pianists have gone up since Rubinstein gave his historical recitals in St. James' Hall in May and June, 1887, at the last of which there was just on £1,000 in the house. When Rubinstein went to America in 1872, piano-playing had hardly been thought of as the means of making a fortune, and so Rubinstein was content to give his recitals at £40 apiece. But prices and pianists rose, and Rubinstein rose too; and when he signed that contract for America for 1892-3—a contract which, of course, he never fulfilled—it was on the terms of £500 per concert. And quite right, too. On the first tour it was the concert manager who made the fortune, but the virtuosi have turned rather more "knowing" since 1872.

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MR. KUHE, the veteran Brighton pianist, has been making some observations on the habits of singers with regard to stimulants. Formerly all singers had, in obedience to medical advice, to indulge freely in stout and plenty of port for the voice; stimulants were, in fact, ordered lavishly. Nowadays it is an accepted article of belief that spirits harden the tone. We know that alcohol can "thicken" the voice, any way! Port is out of date, and lemons have become the fashion for those who wish to preserve their purity of intonation and keep their power of sustaining high notes. All astringents and gargles are to be condemned. Their action may have a temporarily good effect, but in the end they will certainly thicken the delicate tissue of the vocal chords and render a fine tone almost impossible.

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THE latest is musical insurance. Read this: "A novelty has been heard of in connection with Lloyd's. Some gentlemen have been organizing a charity concert, and being desirous of obtaining a minimum sum of \$500, applied to Lloyd's underwriters to insure them in that amount. The risk has been accepted at five guineas." This is a splendid idea for the backers of doubtful musical enterprises. Get up a concert with tenth-rate artists, and then insure the affair, get your money and be happy. It opens up a vista for the insurance companies, and music critics out of employment will find a new field, since the insurance people must have a professional judge. Yes, a splendid idea!

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IT is an ill wind that blows nobody any good, and the fire which destroyed the music-rooms and band instruments at the well-known Artane Schools, near Dublin, illustrates the truth of the axiom, for the schools will replace their two old sets of instruments—a heterogeneous collection of mixed makes—by two complete sets of the famous Prototype make by Bessons, London, and the growing industry of band instrument manufacture in England will benefit to the extent of this fairly important order, which we have heard exceeds £700 in value. The Artane officials did not place their order until they had canvassed the entire trade, and they paid personal visits of

inspection to the various establishments of the competing houses, in order to be quite sure that they would deal with *band file* manufacturers.

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MESSRS. BESSON, upon whom the choice fell, can have had little difficulty in convincing the reverend brothers on this point, for, as is well known, their works in the Euston Road are of the most perfect kind. The *Strand Magazine* recently gave a most interesting account of these works, with a series of illustrations which convey some idea of their extent and importance. I commend this article to all who are interested in the wind family of band instruments. Messrs. Besson are issuing a reprint, and will, I understand, send them to all and sundry who may apply.

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THE pianos made by Messrs. Eungblut & Eungblut, of Camden Town, are being very highly spoken of wherever they have been tried. Their sustaining and carrying powers are quite remarkable, and they embody every desideratum that can be demanded by the most fastidious performer.

## Musical Life in London.

—:o:—

SO far as musical life in London is manifested by (for the most part) unmusical concerts in London, I have little this month to record. The Monday popular concerts opened somewhat ingloriously on January 14th; on the previous Friday Messrs. Borwick and Greene had given us the last of their series of three piano and song recitals; Mr. Henschel gave the first of this half-season's symphony concerts on the 17th; the same evening saw a performance of the *Golden Legend* at the Albert Hall; and these, with Mr. Dolmetsch's concert of old music at Erard's on January 15th, are all that have occurred at the moment of writing. Would that it were always so! Three concerts a week, and those crowded, would be better than the crowds of concerts, and nearly all of them empty, that we shall endure before many weeks are past.

### THE BORWICK-GREENE RECITAL.

The song and piano recitals of Messrs. Leonard Borwick and Plunket Greene are amongst the happiest inventions of these dull days. It is rare that a couple of artists, both of high rank, deliberately set out to evolve a form of musical entertainment that shall be flawlessly artistic, where every item of the programme is art, where every item is, by foresight, placed so that it shall not strike harshly on the state of feeling aroused by the piece that has just gone before. This is, I say, rare—nay, unique. Look at the programme for the 15th, and see how artfully pieces of various and very varied style are worked in just as our emotional state permits or even demands them. After Bach's A minor suite for the piano, played of course by Mr. Leonard Borwick, what could have sounded more grateful in our ears than Schumann's *Dichterliebe* cycle of songs? After that there was an interval. Then Mr. Borwick returned to the old world with some Scarlatti pieces, and came back again to the present century by means of a colourless Ballade of Dr. Stanford, which might belong to any period; and after some ultra-modern stuff of Korby and Liszt, Mr. Plunket Greene, with his folk-melodies, was prepared for. Now I don't mean to say that at



a certain point in the programme only one piece, and no other—it would vary, of course, according to the artist—will give satisfaction. I do say that as the programme progresses the number of pieces which are suitable becomes more limited, so that at the eighth or ninth item there will seldom be a choice of more than half a dozen. All that Messrs. Borwick and Greene do is to keep inside that half a dozen, and not, like the average concert-giver, willfully go outside it.

Messrs. Greene and Borwick are especially to be congratulated on this, that their personalities are not in very marked contrast, but, so to speak, dovetail into one another. Hence, both in the selection of pieces and in the performance of them, they can play into one another's hands; and, most important of all, Mr. Borwick can accompany Mr. Greene, and, especially in the big song-cycles, such as the *Dichtertliebe*, produce almost marvellous results. Mr. Greene was superb in these songs, and gave us less than usual of his prevailing fault of singing the least trifle, say one-sixteenth of a semitone, off the note. But Mr. Borwick backed him loyally; and I can lay finger upon many a bar where the pianist and not the singer made an effect that the stupid, unconsidering audience, of course, credited to the latter. Not that I wish, either, to underrate Mr. Greene. He showed how much he could do in the selection of old Greek, old Breton, and Hungarian melodies, in which he was accompanied, and very badly too, by Mr. Francis Korbay. Mr. Greene is at his very best in these mediæval things, and I hope he will give us a few more whenever he sings next in London. Mr. Borwick played a suite of Sebastian Bach with less reverence than we have a right to demand of him, but afterwards compensated to some extent for this sin by playing divinely in some common-place pieces by Stanford, Somervell and Korbay. He also gave us a fine display of great technique greatly used in Liszt's arrangement of Schubert's "Erl-King"—one of the few songs that bear such treatment. The recital was one of the most delightful I have ever attended; and I hope soon to see the announcement of a further set of them.

#### THE POPS.

These concerts opened with a mishap. Mr. Becker was indisposed, and could not come to play in Rubinstein's Quartet in F (Op. 17); but Mr. Ould, with his cello, came to the rescue, and we had Schubert's A minor quartet instead. This lovely, delicate, frail piece of work received only too appropriate treatment from Lady Hallé and Messrs. Ould, Ries, and Gibson; for many of the charming effects were frittered away until they counted for nothing in the vast, draughty, chilly hall of James. This over, Mr. David Bispham sang with a fine combination of lyric and dramatic feeling in Schubert's *Der Zwerg*. The poem is rather grotesque, but Mr. Bispham (happily) sang in German, and interpreted the composer's emotions, at the same time appealing to our appreciation of the sensuously beautiful, in a manner that has rarely been heard. In Purcell's "Mad Tom" he was quite as good, though in a different manner. It is in this song that the line occurs which Dr. Johnson thought should be applied to poor Tom Davies when he thought of returning to the stage after his retirement: "Mad Tom is come to view the world again." The early poets were enormously interested in lunacy. Purcell set, I believe, a "Bess of Bedlam" as well as this song. I suppose that madness was the psychological problem of the day. Purcell, however, thought not of problems, but of getting a fine musical result, and he gets it in a way from which Handel appears to have learnt a good deal. Mr. Leonard Borwick gave charming

renderings of Schumann's three little *Fantasiestücke* (Op. 111), and afterwards joined the strong quartet players in Dvorák's piano quartet in A (Op. 81). This work contains plenty of pretty passages, and some that almost rise to being fine; yet there is such a pervading disjointedness and incoherence that in the end one becomes wearied. But I have not heard the quartet before, and may change my mind on hearing it again; though, as my readers know, I have no great leaning towards the dishevelled muse of Dvorák.

#### ROYAL CHORAL SOCIETY.

A very few lines must serve for this. The choruses of the *Golden Legend* were sung as one expects them to be sung. Miss Esther Pallister's voice has been so much overworked that it seems to me she must take the very greatest care of it. She was certainly not in good form on Thursday, January 17th. On the other hand, Mr. Douglas Powell sang the music of Lucifer, such as it is, very well indeed; and Mr. Ben Davies was lyric as ever in the not too dramatic part of Prince Henry. That the orchestra played middling well goes without saying, and I have nothing more to add about a work which stirs me neither to love nor hate it. If it were very good or very bad, one could feel definitely about it; but one no more thinks of criticising it than of growing eloquent over a three-storey brick dwelling-house in Clapham.

#### MR. DOLMETSCH'S CONCERT.

Regarding them as musical performances, one would be compelled to handle Mr. Dolmetsch's concerts of old-world music very severely, for the truth is, he does not attain to nearly the level of excellence that with such artists at his disposal he might. Everything is performed in an amateurish way; and besides false starts and actual stoppages, one is very frequently in dread of an ignominious break-down. A little more attention to rehearsal might easily change this unsatisfactory state of things. But even as they are, one is disposed to forgive much for the sake of the enthusiasm Mr. Dolmetsch has shown in his endeavours to find out how the old-world music sounded to the old-world folk. He has practically reconstructed the clavichord and made it what it was in Bach's day; and besides this has done something for the harpsichord and virginals. On Tuesday, January 17th, he gave us music by King Henry the Eighth (!), Lawes, Purcell, Bull, Blow, and many another of the by-gones; and he was ably backed by Mr. Douglas Powell, who sang exquisitely in some little snatches of song (with lute accompaniment) by composers whose very names are forgotten; by Miss Helen Dolmetsch, who played a mightily difficult, and still more mightily dull, exercise in a ground bass by Christopher Sampson; and Mr. Fuller-Maitland, who played some of the virginal and harpsichord pieces at about ten times the proper pace, and in an uneasy manner which was somewhat catching. I will discuss some of this old music after Mr. Dolmetsch's next concert.

It is now definitely arranged that Wagner's *Der Ring des Nibelungen* shall be presented again at Bayreuth next year, and a series of preliminary rehearsals will be held during the ensuing summer.

We regret that pressure on our space compels us to hold over sundry items of news and reports from the Royal Academy, Royal College, London Academy, London College, and Trinity College. These will appear in full in our next issue.

RUBINSTEIN'S BIRTHPLACE.—The Odessa papers say that Dr. Griazner proposes to establish a school that is to have Rubinstein's name in the house where Anton Rubinstein was born in 1829. The house is now in ruins and is situated in Vykhvatinsky.

## Accidentals.

**P**ADEREWSKI'S father, who died some two months ago, was 64, but looked 80. He was made prematurely old by a seven years' imprisonment in Siberia.

M. JEAN DE RESZKE is said to have been studying the parts of *Tristan*, *Lohengrin*, and *Walther v. Stelzing*, in German, with a view eventually to playing them at Bayreuth, by desire of Mue. Wagner. Visitors to Bayreuth will hope it is true.

EMIL LIEBLING, the American pianist, has adopted an apparently successful method of exterminating that microbe of the concert-room, the comelate and go-early crank. Mr. Liebling locks the doors when his concert begins, and unlocks them only when it is over.

MADAME SEMBRICH is engaged for the Covent Garden season this spring. Sir Augustus Harris has secured the theatre for two years longer.

A VIENNA critic is hard on Mr. Algernon Ashton-Ashton, says he, may be a very nice man, but he can't play the piano a little bit, and the compositions of his own which he imposes on an unwilling public are atrocious. There!

It is stated, "on the best authority," that Patti will this season return to the London operatic stage. Sir Augustus Harris has engaged her for six performances at Covent Garden.

PADEREWSKI refused to fill a concert engagement at Torquay because the local agents had lowered the admission prices.

At the embalming and autopsy of Rubinstein's body, an abnormally thick skull was discovered, such a thickness, in short, as is usually found only in idiots.

THE new Emperor of Russia is very fond of music, and is a good pianist and violinist.

THE "Eugene Oudin" Memorial Concert will be given on Monday afternoon, February 25th, at St. James' Hall, under the direction of Mr. N. Vert. The proceeds of the Concert will be invested and held in trust for the benefit of the three young children of the late Mr. Eugene Oudin.

THE London Symphony Concerts, conducted by Mr. Henschel, will in future be managed by Messrs. Chappell and Co.

## Music in Arbroath.

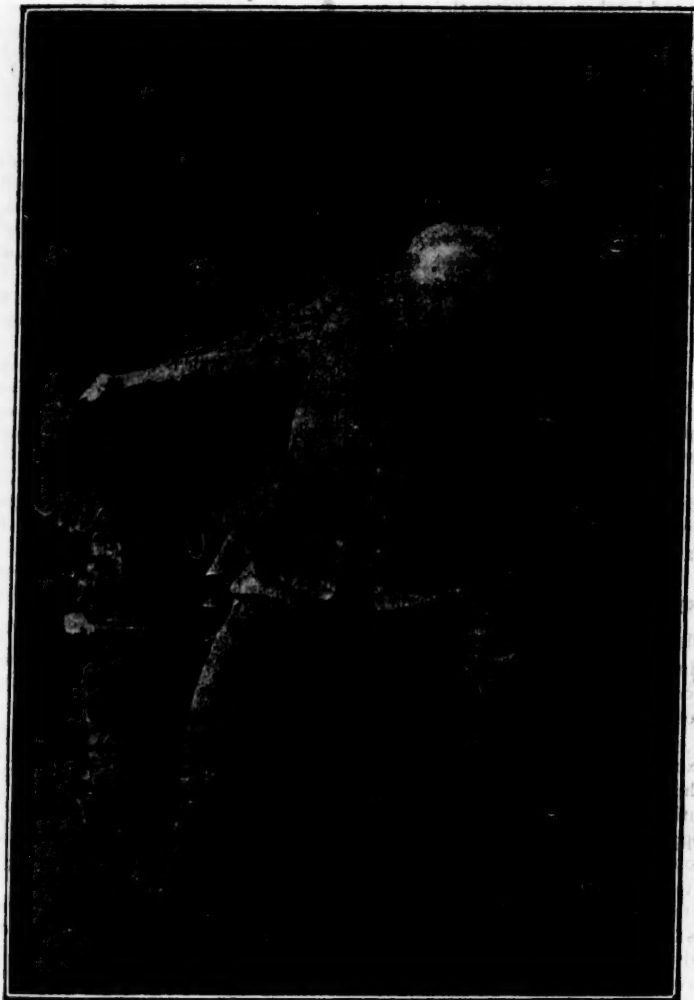
**D**URING the "off" period at Christmas time Dundee critics had their attention drawn to Arbroath, where there were no fewer than three capital concerts in the last fortnight of December.

The first in point of excellence was the Orchestral Concert given by the Philharmonic Band, under Mr. R. O. Stoolie. This body of players (augmented for the occasion by a few professionals) played a programme which included in its catholic embrace the overtures to "Ruy Blas," "Coriolanus," "Symphony in C major (Beethoven), and Reminiscences of *Tannhäuser* (Wagner). I have attended many an amateur orchestral concert, but none which pleased me better than this one. Mr. Stoolie, who for some time played in several well-known London orchestras, besides being in the Royal English Opera House Band at the production of *Ivanhoe*, and is a teacher of singing and the cello in Dundee, proved himself to be a most capable man, and conducted with no little care and finish. Herr Benda was solo cellist, and played truly magnificently.

Mr. T. Booth's "Select Choir" gave a concert at which, after a selection of glees, etc., they sang John More Smeton's *Jolly Beggars*. This cantata—which received a most curious and unfair criticism in these pages last April—appeals to the Scotch much, and so was heard to great advantage, the difficult accompaniments being played by Mr. Beardmore, a local musician of no mean parts.

The Arbroath Amateur Choral Society—But no! my space is already overdrawn, and so I cannot go further. S. F. H.

## Mr. Bispham on "Making up."



**M**Y readers know all about Mr. Bispham, where he lives, what he eats, and his views on art. But not all my readers know how a man of moderate height, dimensions and weight, can be, swelled out to Falstaffian dimensions; wherefore I give the following account of a little experience with him. Where, when, and how it took place must be gathered as I go along.

"How," inquired the writer—"how do you like losing your own personality in that of an imaginary character?"

"Not only my personality," said Mr. Bispham, "my person, too, when I do Falstaff."

"Well, how do you like it?"

"Ah, well, you know, a theatrical make-up is a greasy business at best; but one doesn't mind that, when a fine artistic whole is to be attained—if possible."

"Do you aim at realism, then?"

"One likes to be realistic; though it is not necessary, in playing Othello, for instance, to black one's self all over! But Falstaff must be fat; and unless one is sufficiently provided by nature, as in the case of Herr Plank, of Carlsruhe, or Herr Lundquist, of Christiania or Stockholm,—I really forget which,—one must submit to the discomfort for the sake of Art with a capital A; for if we don't 'hold the mirror up to Nature,' where is the use of us?"

"Then, how do you evolve a character, so to speak? I mean, how do you work out in your mind the size of him, his face, and all the other

etceteras? Does it come in a flash, or by degrees—or, do you take it from tradition?"

There was a pause, and then Mr. Bispham began:—

"Do you know, until I knew I was really to sing Falstaff, my eyes had been closed to the fact that there are so many fat people in the world; but then I began to notice every one I came across, and took hints from them all, making mental notes of shape, size of feet and hands, their way of walking—the peculiar outward turn of the foot (that is to provide a broader base to stand on, I expect)—the colour of the face, then their sitting down and rising up; and so, having firmly established my mental picture of what Falstaff should be, I went to the best wig-maker and the best costumier, and had him—I mean Falstaff—literally built around me. There is not a bit of me showing, except my hands and the oval of the face. Do you really want to know more? Then suppose you follow me to my dressing-room."

So I followed, Mr. Bispham talking as we went. "Uncomfortable little hole, isn't it? All these theatres must go some day soon, and then the actor will be provided for as if he were a human being. What! no water? Fred, go fetch me some; be as quick as you can; I have only an hour and a half to dress in, and I must have you back at once to help me."

So spake David Bispham unto his dresser, and the dresser departed while the singer took off the habiliments of every day and hung them

up: then returned unto him Fred. "Now then, the pads," meaning the great things I had been wondering at, hanging up there, looking like sheep's backs; and it was wool, woven into the tights to make the legs look the required size. These on, with great pulling, there came the ordinary tights over them; and then huge boots (the feet of which were padded too, to look more in keeping with the size of the body), the heels built inside, to give our worthy greater height, for Mr. Bispham is no giant off the stage, and one wonders how he can possibly look so big before the footlights. Then the man Fred retires for a space, while Jules, the *perruquier*, comes smiling in with the beard and wig.

"By Jove! how hot it is! Just open the window, please. Whew! 'What's that?' Oh, that's my nose—paste, you see; for as my own is not big enough, I mould another out of this stuff, and stick it on with glue! The first night I sang Falstaff I neglected this, and the weather was so hot that my poor proboscis tumbled off!"

"What is Jules doing now?" I inquired.

"Oh, he is putting glue on the edge of my beard, and with this elastic which goes over my head, so, there is no danger of it slipping."

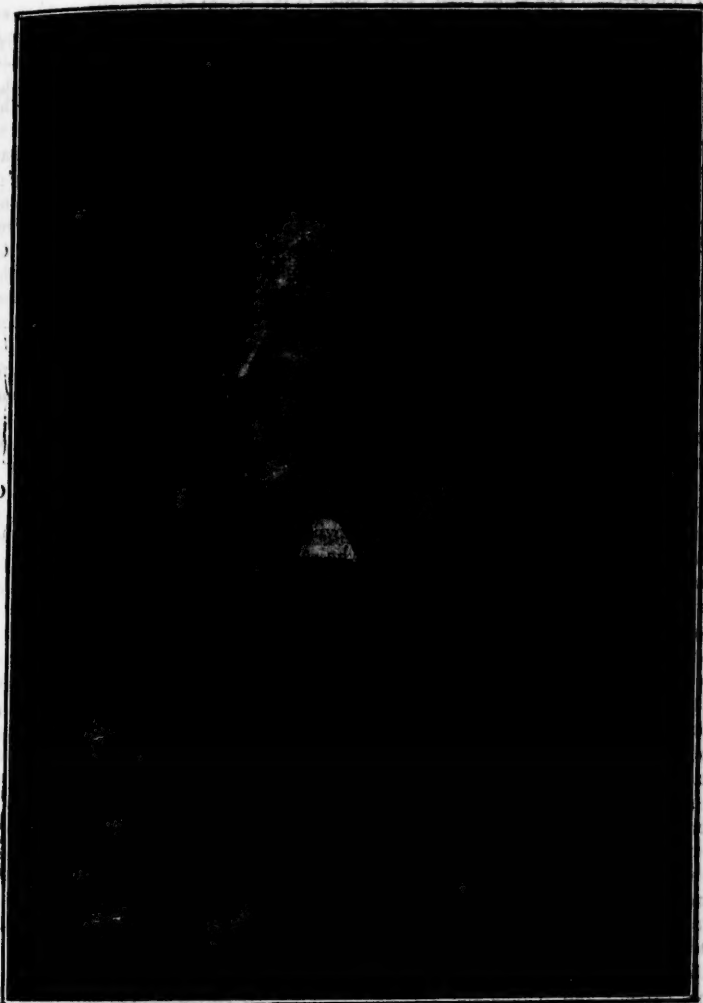
That beard was a marvel; it looked like solid fat, with the hairs growing on it, as natural as could be; a great chin, and a double chin too, and a flap hanging down in front with tapes attached to it, which were tied around the body. Then came the wig, and its fringe of grey hair riding above the high forehead added greatly to the apparent size of the head. There were three flaps to this, one at the back and one at each side, which represented more fat, and were also secured by tapes. And our baritone began to perspire! Moustache and eyebrows being on, Jules departs to attend to the wigs of the ladies; and Mr. Bispham, anointing his head with oil—no, I mean his face with cocoa butter (as a background for the colour)—proceeds to get out of his make-up box a stick of pinkish paint, and begins to smear it over his forehead.

Says he, "You will observe that a fat man's forehead is beautiful, and that as one looks down his face it is seen to be of a deeper tone, culminating often in the richness of the nasal hues."

And so he made himself up, until, when the lights and shadows were put in, Mr. Bispham







MR. DAVID BISPHAM.

had disappeared, and but for his speaking voice I should not have known him, or believed it possible that it was he whom I saw before me.

"Hey! Fred, come on now! Quick with my tummy!"

And Fred trots quickly along, and Mr. Bispham's arms go into a huge construction of horse-hair, which ties up the back. Trunk-loads of red stuff were put on, laced up, and then over all came a great buckskin doublet. The belt was buckled, the dresser saw that the "property" coins were in the wallet, and then, with a last look in the glass, as the call-boy is heard, "Beginners for the first act, please," off rolls—not David Bispham at all, but—"John Falstaff, Knight."

A funny life, is it not, O reader?

We are glad to note that Mr. Mervyn Dene, the talented young bass who has been entirely trained in the London Academy of Music under Mr. Albert Reakes, has recently sung at the Ballad Concerts with great success. Doubtless he will have one opportunity soon of introducing himself to the more cultivated section of the public than attends the Pops or Symphony Concerts. Meanwhile we congratulate him and the L.A.M. on the height to which he has already climbed.

We are pleased to know that Mr. T. J. Borlonel Brown's Masses are in frequent use in the Roman Catholic churches of this country. On Christmas Eve and morning his Pentecost Mass was sung in Liverpool, Blackpool, Manchester, and other great centres, and also on the other side of the Cheviots. When Mr. Brown was discussed in the columns of the MAGAZINE OF MUSIC last year, we expressed our conviction that his music would become extremely popular, and it is satisfactory to see that our prediction is being fulfilled.

## Crystal Palace Concerts.

I HAVE received the following notice from the secretary of the Crystal Palace:—  
"The following sketch programmes of the concluding ten concerts of the thirty-ninth annual series are liable to slight alteration as circumstances may require. They are constructed on the same principle that has governed these world-renowned concerts from their outset in 1855, viz., the presentation of orchestral and vocal compositions of various epochs and styles, carefully selected both from the classical masterpieces and from the most remarkable novelties of the day. The permanent Orchestral Band of the Company is reinforced on Saturdays by about forty-five of the most eminent London instrumentalists, making eighty-six performers; and continued efforts are made to associate with this unsurpassed orchestra a well-balanced and carefully trained chorus, capable of doing full justice to the choral works introduced."

The following are the solo artists engaged: Miss Ella Russell, Madame Duma, Miss Gelber, Miss Thudichum, Miss Edith Miller, Miss Florence Salter, and Madame Clara Samuelli; Madame Belle Cole, Miss Jessie King, Miss Bertha Salter, and Miss Agnes Janson; Mr. Edward Lloyd, Mr. Edward Branscombe, Mr. Herbert Grover, and Mr. Braxton Smith; Mr. William Ludwig, Mr. David Bispham, Mr. Bantock Pierpoint, Mr. Henry Pope, and Mr.

Andrew Black. The instrumentalists will be Mr. Josef Slivinski, Mr. Emil Sauer, Mr. Frederic Dawson, Miss Ethel Sharpe, and Mr. Moritz Rosenthal; Lady Hallé, Miss Emily Shinner, Dr. Joseph Joachim, Mr. Albert Fransella, and Mr. E. Lockwood. Of course the conductor will always be Mr. August Manns; and the Crystal Palace Choir will be in attendance when required. The "sketch programmes" need not be printed in full; but, as indications of the fare to be set before those heroic persons who risk the journey to the Palace week after week, we may say that at the first concert of February 16th—it is by the way a Wagner "In Memoriam" concert—the Kaiser March, the *Lohengrin* Prelude, the Duet and Ride from *Die Walküre*, and—prodigious!—the third act of *Die Meistersinger*, will be given. The second programme will include a scherzo by E. A. Chamberlayne for strings, harp, and flute; Beethoven's Fifth Symphony; and, for "the first time of performance," a piece by Massenet, named "Pantomime d'Aphrodite," "Thais." At the third concert Mozart's G minor Symphony and a new concert overture by Mr. Charles Macpherson will be given; at the fourth, the *Leonora* No. 3 and Brahms Fourth Symphony; at the fifth, the whole—alas! the whole—of Parry's *Job*, and Mr. Arnott's *Young Lochinvar*, a ballad for chorus and orchestra. Then on the sixth afternoon we have more Scotch in Mr. MacCunn's specially written overture *Jeannie Deans*; but the monotony of the snap and bagpipes will be assuaged by a concerto of Tschaiakowsky and the Pastoral Symphony. Next, the Fourth Symphony of Schumann—the least tolerable—will be played, and Joachim will give Max Bruch's violin concerto No. 1 in G. At the eighth concert Wagner will prevail: the *Dutchman* overture, "Siegfried Idyll," "Wotan's Farewell," and the last two acts of the *Dutchman* will be given. To compensate for the sameness of this, on April 13th we will have a concerto by the sapient D'Albert, a larghetto from a manuscript symphony of Sterndale Bennett, and after that preparation the whole of the same composer's symphony in G minor. The concert winds up with Liszt's symphony poem, "Festklänge." Is it not enough to drive a critic to drink? On the last afternoon of the season Cherubini's *Anacreon* overture will be given, one of Beethoven's piano concertos, the introductions and Death-song from *Tristan*, and, for the sake of Sir George Grove I suppose, Schubert's big symphony in C.

Well, on the whole, a set of rattling good programmes. If I had drawn them up, they would have been different in some details. I would, for instance, have let *Job* sleep in his ashes, have done without D'Albert and Sterndale Bennett, and put on Marshall-Hall's "Idyll" instead of so many Scotch manufactures. But, after all, tastes differ. Mr. Manns has given us many things that we want to hear; and so long as anaesthetics are inexpensive we will manage to sleep through the rest.

MR. ERNEST HUTCHESON, a young pianist from Melbourne, and a pupil of Herr Stavenhagen, is said to have made a great success at a recital in Berlin.

FRAU HANS VON BÜLOW will be glad to be put in temporary possession of any letter or other autographic document of the deceased virtuoso, as she intends publishing a large collection of her late husband's remains, music and otherwise.

We learn that Sir Augustus Harris has concluded arrangements with Madame Adelina Patti for six performances at Covent Garden during the forthcoming opera season. He has also engaged Mdlle. Marie Engle, who, it will be remembered, made a very pleasing impression a few seasons ago.

## The I.S.M. in Dublin.

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**W**HAT a fine thing it must be to have a permanent official position with the Incorporated Society of Musicians! Fine, because you are always sure of your annual holiday in a new place, and at no pecuniary cost to yourself. I did not think of it before, but I am now studying the best methods of getting on the regular staff; and by the time the Edinburgh visit comes round in the first days of '96, I may have contrived a plan of saving my expenses and enjoying myself on what I may call corporate costs. Meanwhile, let me tell you something about what I heard as a "stowaway" at the Dublin Conference. That the Society went to Dublin at all, I regard as another injustice to Ireland; but then, being an unfortunate Benedict, I am naturally in favour of Home Rule! And I am not fond of a sea voyage, however short, on the last day of December.

Well, truth to tell, I find these I.S.M. conferences a bit of a bore—for I have been there before. It would be all right if they did not inflict those dreadfully dull papers upon us—papers by the same old hands on the same old subjects. Sir John Stainer is an excellent musician, but there are other excellent musicians, and I am sure Sir John himself would willingly be spared now and again. This time he put the question to us, "Does music train the mind?" I could have pointed out to him among his hearers a good many living negative answers; but it was the season of peace and good-will to men (what about the women?), and I even found it in my heart to forgive a brother musician who spoke of the literary journal I was reading as *The Athen-i-um*! Sir John always likes to tell us a little story. On this occasion he led us up to it in quite an innocent way by remarking on the attitude towards music exhibited by our immediate predecessors—those fine ladies and gentlemen of two generations ago, whose visiting cards were to be annually seen attached to the outside of their box doors at the opera, and who, year after year, listened to the same operas until they could have whistled every note of them from beginning to end. *Could*, and probably *would*, only that Mrs. Alice Shaw had not then arisen with a pucker on her lips, and whistling was considered vulgar—very vulgar. Well, as a rule, the fashionable opera-goer scorned the idea of studying music. To him it had no educational power; his highest flights of criticism consisted in comparing the merits of one *prima donna* with those of her rival, or pitting the performance of a new tenor against that of an older hand, the whole being of no more value to the true art of music than a comparison of the good points of two race-horses. Small cause for wonder, exclaimed Sir John, that aristocrats so frequently allowed their children to learn playing or singing! From their point of view of the art they were quite right. To them it was a quasi-sentimental amusement, a mental lounge, a sort of emotional sofa. And then came the little story. I remember, said the lecturer, hearing a well-known nobleman relate in a speech at a public meeting that he had, when a young man, respectfully begged his father to allow him to study the violin. "What! play the fiddle!" said the parent, indignantly. "Never! The next thing will be you will want to marry a ballet girl." And why not? There are some ballet girls one would

like very well to marry—on the stage only. But this is a passing reflection. Sir John Stainer does not believe in the musician who is merely a clever craftsman, the man whose fingers are supple while his head is empty; the man who is choke full of counterpoint, and yet does not know a line of Tennyson. His ideal artist must explore all the bypaths on either side of his course; he must be familiar with the gradual development of his art, as well as the form in which it is at present exhibited; he must add to its literature, as one who is forging one more link in an important historical chain; he must perform as one who knows why he performs; technical skill, not based upon principles, must be counted worthless; and, what is still more important, the musician must realise the fact that all this training has for its sole object the better appreciation in himself, and the better interpretation for others, of the beauty, the idealism, and the emotional expression of the creature genius of the composer. In short, Sir John Stainer will have it that the art of music is inviting the help and interest of all who are pushing forward in the foremost van of intellectual advancement and of study of all kinds. And he is right. Whether he is also right in thinking that the discussions at the I.S.M. conferences are an important element in the training of the musician's mind, one may take leave to doubt. For myself, I find a good library and plenty of time to think of far greater service.

Dr. Pearce had rather a heavy subject, and a subject of somewhat one-sided interest. We are not all organists, and don't want to be; and the greater majority of us who are, find that by a little tact and mutual forbearance we can get on with our clergymen without having to answer to charges of assault and battery in the Police Courts. Dr. Pearce himself testified that the clergy had been his best friends throughout the whole of his career; and if only the average organist would train his mind even up to the average curate level, we should probably hear far less about friction between the pulpit and the organ bench. The organist must evidently make the best of it any way. Dr. Pearce has nothing more solid to offer him than advice about "mutual understanding and cordial sympathy." Very little, if anything, he told us, can be said in support of the legal position of the parish church organist; and he read to us from an authority on the subject to the effect that an organ being a modern introduction in parish churches, organists are not recognised in the ecclesiastical law, nor known as officers of the church, nor as servants of the parish. The possession of the organ belongs to the minister; he has the power to open it before every service, and lock it up again when the service is over, keeping the key in his pocket at all other times if he chooses to do so. Dr. Pearce describes all this as "a monstrous anachronism." And so it is. Happily, there are very few ministers of the kind depicted by the lecturer; and it is not very often that an organist finds he cannot get his key and keep it. When he does so find, he ought to B sharp and secure another post at once.

Dr. Mann's paper on *The Messiah* and Mr. W. H. Cummings' paper on Handel both dealt with well-worn themes; and, as a matter of fact, the musical and lantern illustrations were far more interesting than the papers themselves. Dr. Mann does not believe that Handel wrote *The Messiah* in twenty-four days, as the dates on the score would lead us to infer. This would mean an average production of eleven pages daily; and Dr. Mann concludes that while Handel might have written the work at that speed, he could not have composed it. This he argues not only from the care with which the score was revised and corrected,—some-

times to the extent of eliminating and re-writing whole passages,—but also from the mode of composition which the various manuscripts lead us to believe that Handel had adopted. Mr. Cummings was unable to be present through illness; but he sent his son with his MS., and between lecturer and lime-light we had our memories freshened up on a good many points. But really it is about time to have done with papers dealing with Handel. When Professor Prout has discovered the original of "I know that my Redeemer liveth" in an old Irish charter chest of A.D. 999, then we may listen with interest. Meanwhile, we have had enough of Handel.

The other papers read at the Conference were excellent as time-killers and soporifics. They showed hardly any other virtue. Mr. Chadfield once more went over the stock arguments in favour of registration, telling us oracularly that when there is an effective registration the public will know it, and the public, by employing the registered musician, will compel all who seek its patronage to register themselves. Fudge! The public does not care a brass farthing whether a musician is registered or not. The public wants good teaching, good music, and if it gets these its only other concern is to get supplied at the lowest charges. The advocates of registration are simply a set of amiable faddists, who delight in deceiving themselves with the notion that everybody agrees with them. Mr. Algernon Rose's paper on "Greater Britain musically considered" was mainly notable for a suggestion that musicians who can't find work at home should seek it "beyond the seas." Mr. Rose should himself set out at once for the Cape of Good Hope. He might make room for some other body who finds a healthy delight in home, sweet home.

There is no need to dwell in detail upon all the little incidents of the Conference. There was plenty of feasting, as a matter of course; and after being in Dublin I am inclined to think that on the whole Goldsmith was a bit out when he said that "man wants but little here below." Dublin air seems to create a splendid appetite; and a musician's "drunkitude" is never failing under any circumstances. Next year, as already indicated, the Conference is to be held in Edinburgh, when Professors Niecks and Prout and Sir A. C. Mackenzie will be the chairmen. It will make another capital holiday for the members. But perhaps it is a pity that they have decided to begin on the 30th of December. The Edinburgh magistrates, as I understand, are a righteous lot, who close all the bars on New Year's Day, and while a musician may do with a *full-close*, he cannot well do without *bars*! Let the officials of the I.S.M. see to it in time.

SIR JOSEPH BARNBY has resumed his professional duties more quickly than was anticipated, and in the shortened form of Handel's *Messiah*, which was given as usual at the Albert Hall on New Year's Day, the conductor of the Royal Choral Society showed no trace of his severe illness, his beat and his general direction of the large forces under his control being as firm as in previous years.

THE report that Sir George Grove will devote a portion of the leisure he has obtained by his retirement from the Royal College of Music to the preparation of a biography of Franz Schubert has already met with much favour, as there is no literary musician more worthy to undertake such a task. Sir George Grove has accomplished very much in the cause of Schubert, and the article in the "Dictionary" which bears his name is admirable. But a more comprehensive monograph on Schubert is needed, for the diffuse work of Kreissle is not wholly satisfactory nor trustworthy.



## A New View of the Chopin-Sand Affair.

THE British Philistine would undoubtedly like a new view. He cannot approve of any so-called illicit relations between the sexes, and he wants to make out, of course, that the ethereal Chopin and the masculine Sand were inspired by an affection for each other that was purely Platonic. Well, Mr. W. H. Hadow is just the man for the British Philistine. Mr. Hadow is already well and favourably known by an admirable volume dealing with Berlioz, Schumann, and Wagner; now he is going to be still more favourably known by a companion volume having Chopin, Dvorak, and Brahms for its theme. There is a wealth of original matter and sound criticism in both volumes, and as the author is not only a man of wide reading and artistic cultivation, but a musician of complete equipment as far as technical knowledge and wide sympathies are concerned, it is a real relief to turn to him from the rambling, slipshod effusions which constitute the bulk of musical *belles lettres*. We have read the book with the greatest pleasure from the first page to the last, and if we select for special consideration that part of it which deals with Chopin and Georges Sand, it is only because of the very general interest in the subject, together with the fact that Mr. Hadow deals with it in a way which is practically his own.

It was in 1837 that Chopin met the woman whose influence over his life has been the subject of so much discussion by his biographers and others. The general opinion regarding the character of Georges Sand is tolerably well fixed. Mr. Hadow wants to upset it, and he does his best towards that end. He calls the eminent novelist a good as well as a great woman, lacking perhaps in reticence, in self-restraint, too frank of speech in face of oppression and wrong, but "wholly free from the meaner passions, wholly intent on helping all who needed her counsel or assistance." Citing Matthew Arnold, he describes her as "that great soul, simple, affectionate, without vanity, without pedantry, human, equitable, kind, patient," and pours a full measure of scorn on those "who have degraded her cry for love into the cravings of a sensual passion."

Now, of course, if this is a true representation of the character of Georges Sand, it is evident that the world in general has greatly misjudged her connection with Chopin. That connection, as Mr. Hadow puts it, has been represented as a *liaison* in our vulgarised English sense of the term. But it was nothing of the sort, according to the new view. It was, in reality, a pure and cordial friendship, into which there entered no element of shame and no taint of degradation. Its closest parallel, in Mr. Hadow's opinion, may be found in the relation between Teresa Malvezzi and Leopardi—a relation only to be questioned by those who hold that a sweet and gracious comradeship of man and woman is an impossibility. "She was the older in years, she was far the older in character; her feeling for Chopin is well expressed in her own phrase as '*une sorte d'affection maternelle*'; for ten years she encouraged him in his work, tended him in his sickness, offered him welcome in his holiday, and when at last the rupture came, it was brought about against her will, and maintained by unforeseen acci-

dents, against her expectation." In short, Mr. Hadow declares that to describe Chopin as Georges Sand's "discarded lover" is to make two mistakes of fact in two words. For the grosser accusations sometimes suggested he has no answer but silence; he regards them as unworthy of notice or refutation.

Leaving that question for the moment, we come to the question of the novel in which Georges Sand is generally believed to have caricatured the sensitive musician. Karasowski, as we all know, says that *Lucrezia Floriani* was directly responsible for the rupture: that Georges Sand, having got tired of Chopin, and finding it impossible to effect a separation by cold looks and petty slights, "resorted to the heroic expedient" of caricaturing Chopin in a romance. The portrait of Prince Karol—a tiresome, consumptive, exasperating nuisance—was drawn by her with the deliberate intent to wound, with the desire of forcing a quarrel upon the lover whose fidelity had outlasted her own. Such is the usually-accepted opinion. But Mr. Hadow does not agree with it, and here we feel inclined to support him. Let us look at the matter for a little along with the author.

That *Lucrezia Floriani* was written during the winter of 1846, and was read by Chopin, chapter after chapter, as it proceeded, is a fact that has been clearly established. If, then, Chopin had taken offence at the book, the rupture would have occurred, as Karasowski positively declares that it did, "in the beginning of 1847." But this is certainly not the case. Chopin, who spent the spring in Paris, was in friendly correspondence with Georges Sand in May, and either paid, or at least projected, a visit to the lady's country residence in the summer. It is not credible that he, of all men, would have offered himself as a guest to the woman whom he believed to have held him up to ridicule. Add to this Georges Sand's poignant distress at the estrangement; add her categorical denial of the portraiture; add the fact that there is a perfectly simple explanation outside of the whole matter, and this side of the case may be regarded as closed. Whatever may be said about the merits of *Lucrezia Floriani*, two things are all but certain—one that it was not intended by Georges Sand as a cause of quarrel, the other that it was not so accepted at the time by Chopin. Grant that, at a later period, his friends persuaded him of a resemblance which, but for them, he would never have imagined. They knew that he had broken with Georges Sand, they took his side with a natural partisanship, the weapon lay ready to their grasp, without further thought or consideration they put it in employment. There are some minds which always look for the "originals" in a work of fiction. Any chance trick of manner or turn of phrase is sufficient for recognition. Numa Roumestan is Gambetta, Harold Skimpole is Leigh Hunt, Falstaff is Sir John Oldcastle, and so on. The scandal is easily set afloat, and no man ever listens to a contradiction.

This brings us to the second point. Is Prince Karol a portrait of Chopin? and is his relation with Lucrezia a description of the ten years' Chopin-Sand friendship? To answer these questions in the negative, it is only necessary to read the novel. Karol is an idle, disconsolate dreamer, and his story a tedious analysis of the more unamiable aspect of passion. Their points of resemblance with their supposed prototypes are exhausted in a few superficial incidents; in their essential qualities they are far removed. Where is Chopin's humour, or his buoyancy, or his generosity, or his genius? Where is the life of work which it was the function of friendship to solace and encourage? The whole book

is one discordant love-duet, full of recriminations and complaints, of selfish affection and suspicion and jealousy. Moreover, it is notorious that in all Georges Sand's novels there is no real characterisation, much less its attendant vice of portraiture. She never described the actual. Therefore, here at least Chopin's biographers are accusing her of the one fault which is diametrically opposite to her nature. Her characters were at no time identical with the warm, vital air of true experience. And so we may sum up the case. The novel was not conceived with the intention of describing Chopin; the character of the hero is not Chopin's character; the story of the hero is not Chopin's story. At the time when the book was written, Georges Sand had no expectation of a quarrel with Chopin; so far as can be seen she had no desire to provoke one. He, for his part, read the work through, "without the least inclination to deceive himself," without umbrage, without suspicion. The estrangement, to whatever cause it was due, did not take place until after the interval of some months; and among all conflicting explanations, that of a breach with Maurice Sand, the novelist's son, is the most complete and the most probable. Surely, in the face of this evidence the accusation of portraiture may very well be withdrawn.

But supposing, then, that *Lucrezia Floriani* was not written with intent to annoy Chopin, what is there to say about Mr. Hadow's view as to the relationship of the pair? Well, one fears that the stern facts of the case are against him. Mr. Hadow is, of course, right in holding the opinion that a "sweet and gracious comradeship" between a man and a woman is not an impossibility. We should ignore the adoration of Dante for Beatrice and the love of Petrarch for Laura if we refused to admit that much. But Georges Sand was no Beatrice, no Laura. That she was a remarkable woman no one denies, and no doubt she was lied about, as are most women. And when to her undoubted gifts were added a frank, free temperament and a nature overflowing with love and nobility, the calumny was all the worse. But Georges Sand's greatest admirers, as a discerning critic remarks, do not deny that she regarded love as something peculiarly personal—as something which was above all legislation; nor can they deny that she put her theories in practice. Her relations with Liszt, Sandeau, De Musset, Calmatta, and others were well known; and the common view of her relation with Chopin is, in spite of Mr. Hadow, likely to remain the common view. Let everybody read Hadow, by all means, but let everybody read Professor Niecks' "Chopin" too. H.

DURING the next International Exhibition in Paris in 1900 it is proposed to give a cycle of Wagner's works with a German company. Meanwhile, that is to say during the next five years, the following music dramas, by the Bayreuth master, will be produced in succession at the Opéra, namely, *Tannhäuser*, *Die Meistersinger*, *Tristan und Isolde*, *Das Rheingold*, *Stiegfried*, and *Götterdämmerung*.

ON Tuesday, January 15th, the fourth of the present season of Messrs. Edgar and G. Percy Haddock's "Musical Evenings" was given in the Town Hall, Leeds. The artists included Mdlle. Trevelli, Miss May Pinney, Mr. Percy Rhodes, The Meister Glee Singers, Solo Pianoforte, Miss Ada Wright; and The Concert Trombone Quartette. Mr. Arthur Ayres accompanied. In spite of the inclement weather, the audience was large and enthusiastic. M. Paderewski gives a recital in the Town Hall on Wednesday, January 23rd. The Leeds College of Music reopened on January 9th with a considerable increase of pupils.

## Hansel and Gretel at Daly's Theatre.

**M**R. SIEGFRIED WAGNER, that confident young gentleman who wished to be an architect, and whose mamma cruelly compelled him to become a musician, apparently that Bayreuth might be kept in the family, told an admiring London, through the medium of a ubiquitous though broken-Englished interviewer, that there were two great German musicians. Of these (he said), Wagner, Richard of that ilk, was first, and Humperdinck second. This aroused expectations, for Siegfried's name is Wagner, and few people keep in mind that it is not also Richard; and these expectations were heightened by the undoubted success of Humperdinck's *Hansel and Gretel* on the Continent. Here is a gentleman, past middle age, and by all accounts entirely charming; and he has hitherto been popular because of that charm, respected because of his knowledge and industry; and because he was popular and respected, no one seems to have dreamed that he possessed genius, and might live to be blackguarded on account of it. He writes *Hansel and Gretel*; it "goes" immensely with every one; and now the Germans (with Siegfried amongst them) do cry, Humperdinck is a genius, and one of the greatest. And for my own part—though I admit it was hard to believe that a male, middle-aged, or past middle-aged Minerva had suddenly burst in full armour from the godhead of music—I went to Daly's on Boxing Day, prepared to think the best of everything.

This introduction would lead you to suppose that I am now about to say the worst of everything. Nothing of the sort. I found *Hansel and Gretel* entirely charming, as the composer is said to be. I also found it without a touch of genius, as the composer formerly was said to be. But first let me tell the story. It may be found in the ever-fresh "Grimm"; but it has been slightly, very slightly, altered to meet musical exigencies. Hansel and Gretel, the son and daughter of a poor besom-maker, are left at home while father is gone a-selling his wares, and mother is out performing duties that are not specifically mentioned—perhaps washing. The two youngsters sing, quarrel, and finally dance; and just as their frolic is at its height, and they tumble over one another, mother enters. She flies into a rage, for they should have been making brooms. She boxes them about a little, and then, in process of working herself up into a rage, as women of her class always do, she knocks over the jug of milk.

"Gracious! there goes the jug all to pieces!  
What now can I cook for supper!"

she exclaims; and, says the stage direction, "looks at her dress, down which the milk is streaming." But as a matter of fact the jug is not broken, nor does any milk stream down her dress. The thing is an obvious swindle—the jug is empty, as stage jugs generally are. Yet milk is cheap enough. A contract could easily be made with a dairy, and it would come no dearer than the paint on the mother's cheeks. However, the mother is so annoyed, either at the supposed milk being spilt, or at the exposure of the jug's emptiness—as Mother Hubbard might have been had the public been present when she got there and the cupboard was bare—that she "goes for" Hansel with a broomstick. He skeddaddles, puts his head in at the window, and his tongue out of his mouth; and this so annoys her—naturally—that she gives Gretel a

basket, and despatches her to the forest to fill it with strawberries.

Their father's voice is heard "in the distance," say the stage directions: but the truth is Mr. Copland vociferates so enthusiastically that from the first he seems to be singing close into one's ears:—

"Tralala, tralala! little mother, here am I!  
Tralala, tralala! bringing luck and jollity!"

He staggers into the room "in a very happy mood," as the stage directions, again, will have it. The mother is indignant at his flippancy; but he comforts her, tells her he has sold out, and pulls from his basket cheese, bacon, German sausages, and what not innumerable. She sets to work to cook; lights up a fire that is more like the grill of a large restaurant than a peasant's hearth—oh, these scene-painters! they live in their clubs and the theatre, until, incredibly, they cannot realize the poor grate of a peasant's home—and all is going well, when he thinks of the children. The mother says they are gone to the Isenstein. Father is horror-struck, and takes a broom, with obvious intentions. Mother tells him, straight, to put it away again; and seeing that he has promised a trifle more than he is quite certain he can perform, he drops it, and tells of the witch and other terrors of the Isenstein. Then off they go to find the children, and the first act closes.

In the second the children are found gathering strawberries in the wood. Darkness comes down; the will-o'-th'-wisp dances about profusely and frightens them; and the Sandman comes and scatters sand into their eyes and makes them sleepy. So they sing an evening hymn and go to sleep. Then the sky opens, a long staircase is seen, and angels with great wings come down and stand round the children. This is one of the most beautiful scenes in the play—in fact, when I saw it, the most beautiful. But I am told that the exquisitely delicate shining greys, and dull blues and pinks, were not strong meat enough for folk that attend a theatre situate within a hundred yards of the Alhambra, and that harsher, more killing colours were afterwards infused into the thing. Be that as it may, the scene on the first night was one of the most artistic ever shown. In the morning the Dewman wakes the children; they tell their dream of the angels, and looking round when they've finished, see that the mist has cleared away, and there stands a house of gingerbread, ornamented with chocolate, raisins, almonds, and sweetmeats of various sorts. Of course the children begin to eat, and a voice from the house sings:—

"Nibble, nibble, mouseskin,  
Who's nibbling at my houseskin?"

They are astonished, but decide that it is the wind. So they eat again, and again the voice is heard, and at last the witch appears in person. She mesmerises them, puts Hansel into a cage, and sends Gretel into the house to set out dinner. So delighted is she with the prospect of a meal off the two children that she gallops round on her broomstick, runs out at one wing, is seen flying over the chocolate housetop, and presently comes in at the other—which is very ingeniously contrived. Her next move is to try to get Gretel into her great oven. Gretel is told to stand in front of the oven, and peep in to see if the gingerbread is baked. By a series of tricks, which need not be detailed here, Hansel is got out of the cage, the witch is persuaded to stand in front of the oven to show how it should be done, and the two children topple her in, and the thing practically ends here. Lots of gingerbread children are brought to life, the besom-maker and his wife rush in, the oven bursts, and the witch, baked into a

lovely gingerbread, is dragged out, the curtain drops, and we all go home contented.

I have given the story in detail. For—will it be believed?—our Wagnerian, or rather, Bayreuth friends, not content with claiming *Hansel and Gretel* for what it is, an entirely lovely and charming fairy-story, declare that it is a great opera, and Humperdinck, as I have said, a great composer. Well now, is there any element of greatness in this story, any opening, so to speak, for greatness? Emphatically, no! Humperdinck has not even tried to write in the great style, and his friends only arouse a feeling of opposition by claiming so much for him. *Hansel and Gretel* is thoroughly jolly and enjoyable; but there is nothing new in it, and it is foolish to call it great. In fact, there is little in it one has not heard before in a form closely resembling that in which Humperdinck presents it. The "Tralala," for instance, is as ancient as King David. But all the old things are used with such an exquisite sense of what is appropriate at the moment, that they have all the merit of newness.

I hope next month—or anyhow, soon—to be able to analyse the music carefully and quote the themes for my readers; so for the present will not discuss the matter further, beyond remarking that I do not believe Humperdinck has actually taken folk-melodies so much as entered into the spirit of them, and produced music which is wholly inspired by them, besides containing many of the actual phrases.

The performance at Daly's by the Carl Rosa Company was, on the whole, satisfying. Of course poor Mr. Arditi, Italian to the core, could make little of this essentially German music; but he kept time well. Miss Marie Elba was delightful, fascinating, as Hansel, and Miss Jeanne Douste, the whilom pianist, was not unpleasing—I cannot say more—in the part of Gretel. Mr. Charles Copland has a fine voice, of which he gives us a little too much. Any dictionary of music will tell him that *p* means soft, and he will do well to apply the lesson. Miss Edith Miller was perhaps the best actress of them all, as the Witch; and Madame Julia Lennox was a trifle too tragic and stagey as the Mother. It seemed to me that none of the company quite realized that the thing should be built on a basis of humour, and that tragedy, even seriousness, is quite out of place.

The mounting was good, though in the forest scene the magic light in the bush might have been less evidently a lantern behind a chunk of pasteboard; the boards might have been covered with a suggestion of grass and earth; and, chiefly, in that jug there might have been a little, just a little, milk.

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN will conduct the coming Leeds Festival.

PROFESSOR STANFORD, who had to go abroad with his first work of the kind, will be heard this year at Covent Garden in a new opera called *Lorena*.

PADEREWSKI is composing an opera in four acts on a Polish libretto. The subject is modern, and the scene of the action is in the Carpathians, on the borderland between the Galicia and Hungary. Sir Augustus Harris has secured the right to perform this work in French at the Covent Garden Theatre, and a German translation is being prepared for the Dresden Opera House. The work will also be performed in Hungarian at Pruth Pesth. The composer hopes to finish the opera in six months at the latest.

SIGNOR LEONCAVALLO is at present engaged on the second part of his Italian trilogy, of which *I Medici* formed the first. He is also finishing another opera, founded on a novel by H. Mürgler; and a ballet, *Reynard the Fox*. This last-named composition will be produced at the Vienna Opera House, and it is said that real animals will appear on the stage.



## How to Practise.

"THE GREEN HAT," BY SCHUMANN.

THE first thing to attend to in this dainty little song is the accompaniment. It must be crisp and delicate throughout, and for the most part staccato. The student will note that the expression mark is "Semplice." And this is to be thought of always. "The Green Hat" is a song, a momentary outburst, unpremeditated, not elaborate; and it must not be sung in grand opera style. The first line demands no directions; but in the second, the task of fitting English words to a German tune has beaten our translator and given the student something to do. If I were he (or she) I would not do it; I would tie the two semiquavers and sing the word "My" to them, and then bring out the sense of the song by giving the word "first" to the *forzando* E, as it is in the original, where the E gets the first syllable of "erster." This will necessitate the word "thought" being sung to the first D; then the next D will get "is," and the next one "my"; and "of" will be omitted altogether. "What doth he now?" should be given rather fuller and more ringing tone than "I say," which follows, and should be a shade dug and chipped out, so to speak.

When the words, "My first thought," etc., recur on the next page, I would advise an arrangement analogous to the one I have just suggested. Beyond this there are few hints to be given to the young singer. Of course a little warmth at "In heaven there is no star" will be in place; and the high G's on page 3 will be carefully taken without any suspicion of screaming, or even declamation. Remember always this song is a pure lyric. That being so, don't dream of inserting any high notes at the finish. The more simply, casually almost, you can end with "I say," the more effective will the song be.

### HAYDN'S MINUET.

This simplified minuet should be taken not at all quickly, but the first beat of each bar should be pretty strongly accented to make one feel that it is a dance-tune that is being played.

At bar four the first note is a crotchet E, for the minim D kindly gives up half its time to the little grace-note, the *appoggiatura* that comes humbly a-begging in the first beat of the bar. The shake is not on the E; only on the D, thus:—



In the triplet runs following give enough force to the first beat of the bar, as I before said, and play the left-hand part as *legato*—that is, as smoothly as you can: never let one note rise before the other goes down, but never have two down together—no, not for a thousandth part of a second.

### GAVOTTE BY J. S. BACH.

Here is another old-fashioned tune, and a jolly one too, by the greatest and gravest conductor who ever lived. He is in a good humour here, and not all serious as he is in the *Matthew Passion*.

In all these dances, rhythmical accent is a principal thing. In the gavotte the strongest accent falls on the first beat of the bar, and the next strongest on the third. The second and third are weak.

Go off vigorously, then, fingering the bass thus:—



lifting the hand just a little after the fourth and second beats, so as to get the thumb or little finger nicely over the next note. Be careful to get the contrast between the loud parts marked *f*, and the soft parts marked *p*.

That disagreeable run in the bass, beginning at bar five, must be fingered this way:—



At the fifth bar, after the double bar, you will find the melody in the left hand. It should, if you can manage it, be played a little louder than the treble part.

I should like to give the fingering for those long runs in the bass, but I'm afraid the editor won't allow me room, so you must ask your teacher.

## How to Play Mozart's Sonatas.

(Continued from page 15.)

TECHNICALLY, the Andantino is easy. It is the sort of piece the average academic professor gives to his six- or seven-year-olds; and, barring the octaves, and perchance the sixths, there is no reason why they should not play every note of it. But to interpret it, to bring out of it the emotion Mozart put in, is a task so hard that, of all the many times I have heard the movement played in public, I do not remember hearing it done well more than twice. First, let us look at the technical difficulties, such as they are.

Great care must be taken not to break the opening group of notes—that is, the D must be held with the little finger until the very fraction of a second that the C is put down, to secure an absolute *legato*. The phrasing given above the stave here is correct, the one beneath is wrong,



and the one is to be heard as frequently as, or more frequently than, the other. The same must be observed in the second bar. In bar three the alto and bass parts—one may call them thus—should be absolutely *legato*, but the treble must be phrased thus:—



That is how the notes are to be played. Of course Mozart wrote them all as semiquavers, without the demisemiquaver rests.

At bar seventeen the next little difficulty occurs. The bass then must pulse gently—not too markedly, and the fingering should be,—



The fingering of the thirds is easy enough; it is easy also when the passage repeats with sixths instead of thirds.

An important point to be considered now is the tone quality. Of course the piano only suggests different orchestral instruments, just as an engraving suggests colour; and the suggestion is not valuable as an imitation, but simply as a help to the player's interpretation of the work he plays. In this movement it is not merely valuable, it is invaluable. The tone of the first eight bars should be rather thin: if you aim at the quality of muted violins, you will get what is needed. But when the passage is repeated—not rigidly, but with one or two variations—an octave beneath, the "accompaniment" (as we may call it) should be soft and thin as before; but the melody should be full, rich, round, and, above all, alive. In bar twelve particular care must be taken to get the necessary clearness, otherwise the melody will degenerate into a merely sulky grumble; and for the same reason more care than ever must be taken at bars fifteen and sixteen, where the thirds occur in the tenor octave of the piano. The next passage is to me suggestive of flutes, with the violins repeating those F's. But if the reader, however young, feels differently, let him follow his inclination. The main thing is to secure contrast with what has gone before as well as what comes after. After the return of the main melody, the stringy, thin tone should recur, and be kept up until bar thirty-four. There, and in bar thirty-six, and thirty-eight and thirty-nine, that phrase high up in the treble should be delicate yet round, in marked contrast to the cello or violin quality that is to be aimed at in the portions of the melody that lie in the lower registers.

The feeling of this wonderful movement is so simple, yet so elusive, that I find it somewhat difficult to give the reader any hint of all I find in it. The passionate sadness, of course, will be noted; but it will be noted that there is something more than sadness. The music is filled with a sense of weariness that is tired of itself, of a longing to be free of it. Especially is that noticeable at the part beginning at bar seventeen. This melody always brings to my mind's eye the picture of Mozart when he used to sit up half the night extemporising, either alone or to some favoured friend. Only in the dead waste and middle of the night could such a thought have come to him. The utter stillness of the night is there, and a feeling of his own loneliness; a sense that the grave is coming rapidly nearer, while much is left to do. You will note that the passage is repeated in an intensified form, and then breaks into the first melody again, not softly, almost with resignation as before, but passionately, with despair. The emotion does not spend itself; it goes on gathering force, though it is held in until it breaks out in a fiery stream of melody in the succeeding *Allegro*. After all, I feel that I have told my readers little about the movement. Little can be told. But if they take my hints and study each phrase with care, they will, I am certain, realize for themselves what Mozart meant.

(To be continued.)

A COMMITTEE has been formed for the purpose of raising funds for the erection of a monument to Franz Liszt at Weimar, where the master rendered such distinguished and enduring services to musical art.

MR. BEN DAVIES is engaged for another tour in Germany, and will sing the titular part in Gounod's *Faust* at Berlin, Leipzig, and Stuttgart, besides giving concerts in Munich, Mayence, and other German cities.

## An Hour with Dr. Longhurst,

ORGANIST OF CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

**D**R. WILLIAM HENRY LONGHURST, the well-known and widely respected organist of Canterbury, is a striking example of the longevity of cathedral functionaries. Born in 1819, he entered the Cathedral as a chorister at the age of nine, and has never since severed his connection with it. Seven years later the Dean and Chapter elected him to the post of assistant organist, and in 1873, upon the death of Mr. T. E. Jones, he undertook the full duties of organist and master of the choristers.

Dr. Longhurst's early training was received from Highmore Skeats, Stephen Elvey, and Thomas Evance Jones, and he has some good stories to tell concerning these and other worthies, with whom in his boyhood he was brought into contact.

"I often think," he says, "of the dismay and annoyance of the dear old man who officiated as organist in my chorister days, when my father, who was an organ builder, made an octave of pedals—the first ever seen, I believe, in Kent—for the Cathedral organ. Not only did the organist refuse to have anything to do with such new-fangled inventions, but whenever any visitors desired to hear the effect produced by them, he would call one of his young pupils and say, 'Here, you come and show off these things. I never learned to dance!'"

The principal solo-boy when young Longhurst was admitted to the choir was George Job Elvey, and the genial Doctor relates with much zest the following adventure of the future knight of Windsor.

The Cathedral being under repair, daily service was held at this time in the Chapter House. One day, on his way thither, young Elvey saw a beautiful young jackdaw hopping about the cloisters, apparently unable to fly. To possess himself of the bird was the work of a moment, and concealing it under his surplice, Master George took it with him to service. All went well until, at the end of one of the prayers, Jack gave a loud and unmistakable "caw," to the consternation of the clergy, and the suppressed amusement of the choir. The cat was out of the bag! After service the boys were summoned to appear before the authorities, and severely reprimanded.

"Had it not been for Elvey's beautiful voice and lovely singing," added Dr. Longhurst, "I believe he would have been instantly expelled."

As we talked of my venerable friend's record of sixty-five years' service at Canterbury Cathedral, I asked him if he had, at any time during that lengthened period, contemplated leaving.

"Once, and only once, to the best of my recollection," was the reply. "In 1841 I applied, with seventy others, for the organistship of Rochester Cathedral, and after a severe trial, conducted by Professor Walmisley, Mr. (afterwards Dr.) John Larkin Hopkins, one of the other candidates, and myself were recommended for the appointment. Of the two of us the Dean and Chapter chose Hopkins, and I—not from any sense of disappointment, however—made up my mind there and then to remain at my old post. A year later the vacant post at Carlisle Cathedral was offered me, but I declined with thanks."

In January, 1875, the degree of Doctor of Music was conferred upon Mr. Longhurst by

the Archbishop of Canterbury (Dr. Tait), in celebration of the forty-seventh anniversary of his entering the Cathedral choir. That the recipient of this honour was deemed worthy of the distinction by his brother musicians may be gathered from the fact that it was granted upon the recommendation of Sir Frederick Gore Ouseley, Sir John Goss, and Sir George Elvey (Dr. Longhurst's old playmate and fellow-chorister).

Of his useful and earnest work in the sphere in which he has been placed, Dr. Longhurst speaks very modestly. When he succeeded to the post of Cathedral organist, the instrument at which he presided was altogether inadequate, and he at once turned his attention to the obtaining of a new organ which should be worthy of a place in the Metropolitan church. It was not till he had laboured hard, in the face of many discouragements, for ten years, that his efforts were rewarded, and now the beautiful Cathedral of Canterbury possesses one of the finest church organs in this country.

"This instrument," remarked Dr. Longhurst, "was a stumbling-block to one of our vergers for a very long time. He would persist in describing the organ as standing in 'the trifolium,' and went on to inform visitors that 'the connection between the console and the *hargin* was done by helectrics, and the whole thing set in motion by hydraulic water!'"

I had heard of Dr. Longhurst's enterprise in establishing a local orchestra in Canterbury, which should be available for concert and festival use, and I turned to the subject of instrumental music generally.

"You will be amused to hear," said the Doctor, with a merry smile, "that I have been an orchestral player since I was eleven years old. We had at that time an excellent band here, and I was chosen by the leader to play the kettle-drums, which I did standing on a stool. At one of the rehearsals for a concert, when Mori came down to lead the band, I felt rather nervous at the approach of the 'Storm movement' in the overture to *Guillaume Tell*, where there are 104 bars' continued roll on the drums, and was expecting to be reproved for my presumption in attempting it, when this great violinist and leader of the opera at the King's Theatre, Haymarket, turned round to me and said, 'Bravo, little Drummer!' I then felt I need not stand on a stool for the future."

"In 1833," continued Dr. Longhurst, "we choristers formed a little band of our own, which consisted of six violins, cello, double-bass, flute, two French horns (of all things!), and a piano-forte, all played by boys under sixteen years of age. We gave several concerts of vocal and instrumental music,—the latter being, of course, of a rather unambitious kind,—and divided the plunder between us."

"I believe you are still a member of the Handel Festival Orchestra?" I remarked.

"Yes. I have taken part in every Handel Festival but one. On that particular occasion, although I was suffering from a bad throat and could not appear amongst the performers, I did not stay away, but attended as a representative of the Press. At the earlier Festivals, as my voice was considered a useful one, I sang tenor in the chorus, but I afterwards gave that up and ever since have played the violin, an instrument I learned as a boy. Three Festivals back my old friend, Sir George Elvey, offered his services as a violinist on condition that he and I played from the same stand. I need hardly say that his services were accepted, and we who had so often sat side by side as boys in the Cathedral stalls at Canterbury, did so once more upon the great Handel platform of the Crystal Palace."

I would willingly have gathered more of these pleasant and deeply interesting reminiscences, but I was anxious to hear what Dr. Longhurst had to say about that much-maligned institution, the London College of Music, with which he has been for some time closely associated.

"Will you tell me what you know of the College and its examinations?" I asked.

Dr. Longhurst answered without hesitation. "I have been connected with the London College of Music for five or six years," he said, "and beside being the local representative for this centre, have acted in the capacity of examiner on several occasions,—not, of course, in this neighbourhood. This year (1894) I was requested to take the place of Dr. Westbrook, after his much-lamented death, on the Board of Examination, and I consented to do so. I attended a meeting of examiners at Great Marlborough Street last week, at which Dr. Horton Allison, Dr. W. H. Sangster and myself were present. The object of the meeting was to go through the papers sent in by candidates for the diplomas of 'Associate in Music' and 'Licentiate in Music,' and I can assure you they were most severely tested by us all."

"And the result?"

"A few of both classes succeeded, but many failed. This is, of itself, enough to prove that the examinations are most thorough, which, indeed, they are in every department."

"Have you had any experience with the local examinations?" I inquired.

"I had no less than forty-three candidates through my hands for *practical* work last July, and a similar number in April, all from London and the suburbs. I can only say the work was well carried out, and certificates were awarded only to those who fairly and honestly earned them. So you see," added the Doctor, with a significant smile, "we do not 'pass ten out of every dozen,' as some of the musical (!) papers have suggested."

It will be generally acknowledged that Dr. Longhurst would be one of the last men in the world to lend his name in support of any unworthy scheme, and his testimony, thus freely given, will be a satisfactory and conclusive answer to those who, from motives of personal interest, impugn the methods of one of the most rapidly growing institutions of its kind in this country.

In his seventy-sixth year, the organist of Canterbury Cathedral is still in many respects a young man. Enthusiasm for his art has always been one of his strong characteristics, and has shown itself in the energetic way in which he has carried out all the duties of his important office. The organ in the Cathedral is itself a monument to his zeal and enterprise, and it is needless to say that his manipulation of the fine instrument is skilful and artistic, as becomes a Fellow of the Royal College of Organists.

I take my leave of Dr. Longhurst with unfeigned regret, earnestly hoping that at no distant day I shall hear from his own lips more of that long and eventful life which he has spent in the service of music. That marvellous but erratic genius of the violin, Paganini, together with Robert Lindley, Sir Henry Bishop, Boscha, Henry Phillips, the great basso, and many others who are but names to most of us, were amongst those whom the veteran organist in his young days listened to with delight, and he has joined his boyish voice, a very beautiful one, it is said, with the soprano of the famous cantatrice, Clara Novello, and other artists of a bygone generation.

If it is ever my privilege to search with him the storehouses of the past, I shall deem myself happy indeed!

WALTER BARNETT.





Faithfully Yours  
Henry Cooper



Yours Faithfully J. H. Longhurst



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## How to Play the Guitar.

CONSIDERING the undoubted beauty of the guitar as a musical instrument, and the variety of effects to be produced upon it, it is not surprising that, like other instruments of the same family, it is gaining popularity among those possessed of a musical and poetical taste.

Although an instrument of considerable antiquity, the guitar, as we have it now, was unknown in this country until the earlier part of the present century, when, after the Peninsular War, a Spaniard, Ferdinand Sor, introduced it to an English audience at one of the concerts of the Philharmonic Society, held at the Argyll Rooms, Regent Street.

Among other great players of the period may be mentioned Hector Berlioz and that marvellous and eccentric genius, Nicolo Paganini. The latter, when a very young man, devoted much attention to the study of the guitar, and composed several works of importance for it. His love for it, although, of course, not so overwhelming as his passion for the violin, never failed; and during his last illness he divided his attention between the two instruments, which, at his bidding, gave forth tones of deep and mysterious beauty.

In more recent years the guitar fell almost entirely into the hands of the fair sex, and was looked upon as an indispensable article in the equipment of a lady's drawing-room, where a violin or violoncello would not have been tolerated.

I well remember, when a boy, sitting next to an old lady, a friend of my mother's, at a concert at which Madame Norman Néruda (now Lady Hallé) was the bright particular star. Every one round me seemed carried away by the exquisite playing and the perfect grace of the fair violinist; and the room rang with loud and continued cheers as the last notes of a concerto of De Beriot's pealed forth from the magic strings. When the applause had subsided, my elderly neighbour turned to my mother, and, with an expression of mingled regret and scorn, said, "What a pity Néruda is a woman! I cannot understand one of *our* sex playing the fiddle." Yet this very old lady was an enthusiastic guitarist!

That the guitar should be considered a lady-like instrument is not to be wondered at, its subdued, sympathetic tone being naturally in accordance with feminine tastes. It lacks the loudness—the harshness, I may say—of its strident relative, the banjo; and, unlike the mandoline, it is especially adapted for accompaniments.

The latter characteristic is, I think, for some reasons, an unfortunate one, since the fingering out of a few ordinary chords is the limit to which many amateur guitarists consider it necessary, or even possible to go. If they could be made to understand the actual capabilities of the instrument, and hear the lovely works of Giuliani, Leonard Schulz, and Regondi, which have been written for it, they would at least realize that guitar music and guitar playing are very different from what they, and many beside them, have hitherto imagined them to be.

"Will you give me some finishing lessons?" said a lady to me the other day. "You see, I have never had any instruction, and there are one or two things which puzzle me and which I shall be glad to have explained." I expressed my readiness to help her, and asked what pro-

gress she had already made with the instrument.

"Of course you practise scales?" I said interrogatively.

"Scales!" exclaimed my would-be pupil, jumping up from her chair in evident indignation. "No, no. I gave up the piano because I hated scales, and I certainly am not likely to play the horrid things on my dear, delightful guitar." Then she went on a little more coolly, "I can play the major chords quite perfectly. What I want you to show me is, how to find the minor."

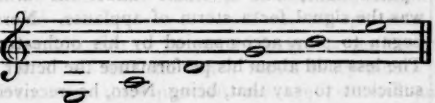
The popular notion that the guitar is excessively easy to learn is a mistaken one. No musical instrument with which I am acquainted can be mastered without patience and perseverance, not to mention a certain degree of talent; and no one should attempt to learn the guitar who is not prepared to devote considerable time and pains to it. The beginning is easy enough, and the pupil is surprised at the readiness with which the rudiments of the instrument are understood. But as time goes on, and the difficulties of *positions, harmonics, and vibrato* appear, it becomes evident that there is work to be done and thought to be exercised even in the study of the guitar.

I have no story to tell of "How I learnt the Guitar." It was a gradual process—one which began years ago, and is not yet finished. But to those who are anxious to take up this elegant and charming instrument I would venture to give a few practical hints which I have, on my part, gathered from some of the best authorities and most competent teachers.

The modern guitar has six strings—three of gut and three of silk covered with silver wire—which are tuned thus:—



The written notation is an octave higher:—



The compass of the instrument is three octaves and three notes, *frets* being placed upon the finger-board to indicate where the strings should be stopped.

The value of a few lessons, at least, from a really good teacher at the outset will be inestimable to the learner, as by commencing alone many bad habits are likely to be engendered, which afterwards will be found hard to overcome. Later on such assistance will be less necessary.

One of the most essential points to be observed in playing the guitar is a proper position of the instrument. The player should sit on a rather low chair and hold the guitar so that both hands can be freely moved without disturbing it. Let the right hand fall easily on the body of the instrument, the little finger resting on the sound-board. Strike the deepest three strings with the thumb, and the others with the first, second, and third fingers, raising the wrist high enough to allow the three fingers to strike the strings under the thumb. In playing a chord, the thumb should meet the first finger between the upper joints, the knuckles being slightly raised. Great care should be taken to avoid *lifting the strings*, as by so doing they are made to rattle upon the frets with very unpleasant results.

The neck of the guitar should rest between the thumb and first finger of the left hand, the arm being kept slightly away from the body. The position of the elbow and wrist will depend very much upon the fingering, some notes being

more easily reached in one position than another. In stopping the strings, let the fingers press them very firmly to avoid what is called "jarring."

As I have already suggested, the difficulties of the guitar increase as the student advances, and much hard work will be necessary to accomplish what often at first sight seems to be impossible. Yet such work has its reward, for there are many very beautiful effects to be produced which only a finished player can form any idea of.

I have said nothing about *Methods or Instruction Books*, of which, so far as my knowledge goes, there is not a large choice. Every teacher has his or her own particular fancy in this matter; but in my opinion and that of many others competent to judge, the *Tutor* by Madame Sidney Pratten, an eminent guitar virtuoso, is the best—the most concise and the most reliable. This accomplished lady has also published a second work, entitled *Learning the Guitar Simplified*, which deals very fully with the technicalities of the instrument, and gives clear directions respecting the choice of strings, tuning, and many other useful and important points. Throughout this book diagrams of the finger-board appear, which furnish a key to the whole system of fingering and the various positions employed. Explanation is also given of the *slur, glissé, dash, drum, etouffe*, and every other device peculiar to the guitar, with copious exercises for the practice of the same.

There is no dearth of good music for the guitar, and, fortunately, the instrument is so utterly unsuitable for anything vulgar or frivolous that there is little or no temptation to compose anything for it but what is refined and artistic. The works of Giuliani, Leonard Schulz, and Regondi I have already referred to; and beside these and other similar compositions by foreign writers I would heartily recommend some of Madame Pratten's dainty little sketches, admirably adapted for players of moderate ability.

Let me finish this little chat with a word of friendly warning to those who may feel inclined to turn their attention to what has been described as "the charming representative of the charming Lute family." Do not be laughed or chaffed out of your fancy. It has been said that there are musical instruments which are no musical instruments; but this certainly does not apply to the guitar, which, as a well-known musician remarks, "if it has not the power of some larger instruments, it has its revenge in its delicate sweetness and sympathetic tones." A long acquaintance with the guitar has proved to me that it is well worth cultivating, both as a solo and as an accompanying instrument. In the latter capacity its extreme portability renders it useful in many cases where the piano is not available; and who will not welcome the appearance in our drawing-rooms and concert-rooms of an instrument which shall share the honours so long monopolised by the violin?

Now that the guitar has caught the public ear once more, it will, I am convinced, continue to advance in favour until it becomes one of the most popular, as it is one of the most fascinating, instruments ever invented. W. B.

VERDI denies having left \$2,000,000 for the erection of an immense asylum for aged musicians. In a letter to the *Caffaro*, he says: "Even my testament! Then there is no possibility of living in peace. Above all, nobody has read my last will; and supposing that, after all, it were my intention to do something for poor musicians, it would be on a very modest scale, for my fortune not only does not reach the sum of 10,000,000 fr., as report puts it, but not even one-half of the half that has been talked about."

## Evolution in Music.

A ROMANCE OF THREE SPIRITS.

### CHAPTER I.

I HAD been asleep, there was no doubt about that. A hard day's work, combined with the sultry August weather, had left me somewhat fagged, and now this evening at 10 o'clock I was enjoying myself in solitary fashion with a cigar and Dickens' Christmas Book. Why I should have chosen such a contradictory subject as a winter story, with the heat of a long summer day still lingering in the air, I know not; but after reading Scrooge's adventure, and the happy if undeserved termination of his visions, I fell into a train of thought in which music, Scrooge, ghostly visitants, and full scores were mixed up indiscriminately. Stirring out into the darkness, which was now and then faintly lit up by distant summer lightning, I found myself passing into a dreamy state, from which I had to rouse myself with a start—12 o'clock, surely! time for ghosts and eeriness of all kinds, if one believed in ghosts: I certainly did not, and even if one *did* appear I should—"You would, what?" said a hearty voice beside me; not a voice by any means one usually associates with ghosts. I turned with more surprise and—shall I say alarm?—than might have been expected from my courage a moment ago. "I am the spirit of the past, ha, ha!" said a strange voice. There stood beside me a short, burly figure with a cheerful face and kindly eyes—"Not your idea of the past, eh?" he chuckled. "You mortals have such a lugubrious idea about it. Why ever should the past be gloomy? Haven't we given you all a goodly inheritance of brains, a capital start in music? If my successors—the spirits of the present and future—can show as goodly a bill of fare as I, why, the world is in luck. Come, let me show you the music of the past; no, do not fear!" as I drew back; and, so saying, he made a pass before my eyes, and I was far from my study window, gone, gone, whither?

To a great city, the like of which I had never seen before. The houses were built in the Eastern style, flat-roofed; there were great temples built in a rude but massive way, squares with groups of palm trees, booths with merchandise spread out for the passers-by, everything on a stupendous scale to match the swarthy sons of Vulcan; giants they were in stature and strength, and the women were of the same build, and of great beauty. Said my guide, "This is the city of Abu-Rachann, the cradle of music. Here live Tubal-Cain, the great founder of the instruments of brass, and Jubal, of harp and organ fame. Already music has taken a stand amongst the people, for they are not barbarians, but an intellectual race, though their morality leaves much to be desired. But let us hear their music." We entered a great building, with the bright blue of the Eastern sky for roof. An orchestral concert was in progress. There was a band of about thirty, composed apparently of brass harps and dulcimers, as well as curious instruments the like of which I had never seen. These were something between a cello and a guitar, but were not played with a bow. They seemed of extraordinary compass, and took the place of violins in a modern orchestra. Their harps were of two sizes, and the brass instruments were gigantic in size and tone, and well-fitted to the players. There were no drums. A

curiously-shaped instrument stood in the centre: it had metal pipes and one key-board, but no pedals. This parent of the stately modern organ did not strike me with admiration—the tone was both harsh and nasal. The orchestra was playing a movement when we entered, Eastern in character, wild, stormy, plaintive, with no particular plan or subject; and it was not so powerful as might be supposed. This was probably owing to the roofless building. I could have studied this strange people and their ways for hours, but my guide said time was short.

This scene faded: I was in another large building, dark at first to me, but gradually becoming lighter, until I recognised the Jewish temple at Jerusalem, evidently lighted up for some great festival. A procession was coming up the church, composed of boys and young girls, flower-decked and dressed in white. The music here was soft and tinged with religious feeling. I noticed harps, long silver trumpets of a very sweet tone, some curious stringed instruments, whilst a not unpleasing effect was given by a kind of tambourine which was used occasionally to emphasize some word. Every syllable could be heard plainly; the choralists were singing a psalm, but such a one as is never heard in the modern church service. The music varied with each phrase, and gave a totally new and very beautiful idea of the majestic words. The whole scene was fascinating, but I was not allowed to linger.

I found myself in a far less holy atmosphere—a huge amphitheatre. At one end was an orchestra resembling a modern military band. It was not an improvement on the Jewish music, being coarse, loud, and triumphant, and evidently partaking of the character of the listeners of the time. The amphitheatre was crowded, and all eyes were turned expectantly towards the entrance. Suddenly shouts were heard: "Long live Nero! long live the Emperor!" The entrance of a mean little man with a dissipated face, and a fiddle under his arm, was the signal for a storm of applause. Nero began to play, accompanied by his orchestra. The less said about his performance the better; sufficient to say that, being Nero, he received an ovation. "Let us come away," whispered my spirit friend; "the lions are the next item of interest, and the orchestra plays to drown the screams of the victims. To such depths has music fallen!"

I was glad to find myself in a cool little workshop, with the door open and vines clinging around the windows, whilst blue mountains could be seen through the green leaves. An old man sat there on a bench, a man with a worn, intellectual face and a patient, intent gaze. Around him were various portions of violins—violins in all stages of existence; whilst Antonio Stradivarius—for it was he—was tenderly and carefully varnishing a perfect specimen of fiddle craft. All around lay priceless gems fashioned by a master unconscious of his greatness. I looked at them and at the grey head of the master, whose lease of life should soon be run out, working in his little cool room for the joy he had in his work, and I wondered at the strangeness of it all, and at the destiny that shapes our ends.

The scene has gone: a face appears before me, the face of Beethoven, the mighty genius of our art; the rugged face and sombre eyes of the maestro are there; I fancy I hear the opening bars of *Leonora* No. 3 overture, and then the words "Oh, ye millions, I embrace ye" of the choral symphony. The vision fades suddenly as it came, leaving me too amazed to feel amazed. I am in the burning Indian sun. Weird music is heard in the distance. The

wailing of pipes and beating of the tam-tam come nearer, and I perceive a melancholy procession of weeping natives surrounding a young woman. I now see for the first time a funeral pyre. Evidently the suttee is giving herself a willing sacrifice to the gods, so that she may join her husband. She ascends the pyre smilingly, and the Indian musicians play her to her death. The quarter tones of the instruments, the monotonous refrain, and the incessant tap of the tam-tam are at first wearisome to me, then fascinating, then soothing. These people will never progress in music; as they are now, so were they, and so will they be, but their music has a charm unknown to Western music.

Yet another scene. This time I am in the church of St. Peter, in Rome. A "dim religious light," the suffocating fragrance of incense, the white-robed priests, the boys waving the censers, the prostrate worshippers before the elevation of the Host, and over all the refrain of one of Mozart's Masses:—surely the mighty genius of the music plays a great part in exciting the religious enthusiasm that so evidently prevails amongst the congregation. Yes, music holds undisputed sway over the minds and hearts of these Italians.

But still away, for time is short. Now I feel the salt breath of the sea spray, now we pass over plains of waving corn bowing in the summer breeze, and now we are on an English village green, such as our English painters would delight to portray. An old English country revel is going on this evening. Yonder is the maypole decked with bright ribbons, and smartly clad lasses and lads begin the graceful dance; singing the while in their fresh country style, whilst the village band accompanies them. Quaint enough is this band: fiddles, cornets, flutes, and a drum, but it is genuine English music, and in time. The dance is over, and the villagers are singing a round such as our great-grandparents delighted in, and the which is never, alas! heard now. Yes, music, is here in simple, loyal English hearts, as in the warmer Italian temperament.

"My time is drawing to a close," said my guide, "but one more picture of the past to complete it, and my duty is done. Learn to appreciate what we in the past have done for you in the present, to think kindly of us, and to realize that a great part of present success is merely the evolution of our talent in the past. See the master on the threshold of your present age!"

I found myself in a garden, a large white house before me, from one of the open windows of which came a hearty peal of laughter. "See here, Moscheles; like this, like this!"—a few chords struck on the piano by a masterly hand, an answer from another piano, and then a feast of music such as my soul delighted in. It was Mendelssohn and his friend Moscheles, improvising, as was their wont, on two pianos; one in sympathy and in their love of music, they seemed almost as one player, except that Mendelssohn's genius occasionally showed itself in musicianly little touches, though he was too great an artist to allow it to dominate the whole. I recognised the *Hommage à Handel*, by Moscheles, besides several things of Mendelssohn's, but the greater number were improvised. A feeling almost of envy at the brightness of this life compared with Beethoven's joyless existence, and the seeming unfairness of destiny struck me, and I turned to say as much to my guide.

CHAPTER II.  
HE was gone! In his place was a fair youth with bright, intelligent eyes, who looked at me with a smile. "I am the spirit of the present,



and I come to show you, if you will, things already known to you, but which you perhaps fail to realize completely." So saying, he laid his hand on my arm, and we were walking through a little German town which was evidently *en fide*. "See the power of music," whispered my guide; "every one is music mad over here; they live, breathe, and worship in its atmosphere. This is Bayreuth, the home of the great Wagner's music; these people acknowledge no greater light than he." We entered the theatre where the *Nibelungen* was progressing. Evidently these folk had not come here to be amused, but rather to be educated. Here they had been for days, food and sleep being quite secondary matters. My guide would not wait; he hurried me away.

We seemed to be walking for a long time; at last we came to a steep hill, and heard the sound of military music in the distance. My spirit-friend hurried me up this hill, giving me hardly time to realize that the sea was behind me, and that the scene seemed familiar to my eyes. At last we reached a good-sized plain, and I recognised the Shorncliffe camp. A grand parade was on, and the different bands were just then marching across at the heads of their regiments. I felt a thrill of pride at the sight of the splendid fellows—Guards, Scots Greys, and all the crack regiments, with their fine bands. "This is one of the finest opportunities for listening to good military music, pure and simple," observed my guide; "but hurry! hurry! there is much to be seen." Much there was; I cannot tell how many places we visited in which music played the chief rôle. We glanced in at the Crystal Palace Saturday concerts, where Mr. Manns was reigning supreme at the bâton; then the scene changed to the Handel Festival with its audience of thousands listening with rapt attention to the grand old choruses heard so many times before, and which seem to gain in grandeur each time; then to a festival service at Westminster Abbey, when Gounod's *Redemption* was heard with equal reverence; the Welsh Eisteddfod, the Brussels Conservatoire, the Norwegian Opera-house; on a gondola in the mystic city of Venice, listening to the serenade of mandolines; to a performance of "Judas Maccabeus" at Melbourne, and a ballad concert at Cape Town. We visited singers, violinists, organists, composers, pianists; we attended a morning rehearsal of an opera band, when music becomes a grim reality indeed in the struggle for a livelihood; we sympathised with the bitter disappointments that the gift of music sometimes brings to struggling talent when unrecognised and buffeted by the world; we saw music waiting on religion, and religion in the garb of its ministers oftentimes spurning its aid, but oftener combining with it for the elevation and good of humanity; we saw music put to a base use at Monte Carlo—used as one of the many baits to allure the gambler, and playing away to the ruin of his body and soul. Lastly, we found ourselves on a great Atlantic liner, and saw the pathetic picture of a man, still young, playing with the true genius touch on a small piano, his little motherless crippled lad beside him watching his father intently—this, one of the greatest pianists of modern times, with the two possessions dearest to him, his child and music. "It is enough," I cried; "the power of music is omnipotent; I ask to see no more." "Thou hast more to see," replied my guide. "My task is done; the spirit of the future is already here; see!"

#### CHAPTER III.

I LOOKED to where he pointed, and beheld a mysterious halo of rainbow hue surrounding

and radiating around what seemed to be an Eye. This Eye did not look at me, but, somewhat wistfully and abstractedly, at some far-away object unseen by me at first.

Gradually, however, the horizon became clearer, and I beheld an immense concert room with a dome of glass. The auditorium was filled by an attentive mass of people. At one end was the orchestra hidden from view, whilst at the back was an opaque screen of white glass. The orchestra was a very powerful one, and when it began a slow movement, I held my breath with delight. This was the true poetry of music! What was my amazement when, simultaneously with the entrancing sounds, appeared equally superb pictures on the glass screen. This was the new art of Tone Colour—music and colour combined. As the music changed in harmony and rhythm, so did these wonderful pictures, until one seemed merged in the other. There was such a diversity in colour and subject, too. Sometimes a bright Neapolitan landscape with cloudless skies, then a cool grey sea-scape, with the seagulls wheeling around a rock, and the threatening of the distant storm: all this most exquisitely illustrated by music.

I listened and gazed entranced. Presently I learnt a little about this new musical age from a fellow-listener. Said he: "These concerts are free to all. Music, in fact, is no longer dependent on the caprice or favouritism of an audience, as the State has taken it over, as well as its sister, Art-painting, and the two are as strictly supervised as any other public boon for the people. For a nominal sum education is provided in vast colleges on the scale of the universities. The consequence is obvious—the world is musical and artistic; there are no incompetent teachers, as a heavy fine is imposed on charlatans; there are no struggling professors; all those in the profession who are deserving receive distinction and government pensions in old age. It is to meet this expense that a nominal fee is charged for university tuition. Painters and musicians are allied with interests in common, since the two arts are one; they form too powerful a combination to be put aside, and a parliament of artists and musicians meets every month to consider their position, arrange concerts and exhibitions, and to consider the works of new composers and artists, and, if worthy, to bring them out. Each European country has such a parliament, and one rule is to consider first the works of native composers, and to produce them worthily. Every man, if he write or paint good work, may be sure of having it properly produced. There are no longer such things as amateur parochial concerts, piano organs, Christy minstrels and smoking concerts, as the whole world is musical. In fact, it is considered a crime, punished by social ostracism, to write so-called comic music."

I turned in bewilderment at the total revolution of things, and found the Eye fixed on me. In my ignorance I said, "Could there be a greater Elysium of music than this?" Something, I know not, whether in me or proceeding from the spirit of the future, answered solemnly, "This is but the beginning of better things. There is no end to the capabilities of music, for as we grow so does it, and this our musical life we lead in the present is but the beginning of an eternity of sound, the germ of a perfect nobility and beauty which we in this intermediate existence of ours can have no conception, and which will ultimately take its place in the building of a glorious infinitude of perfection."

I awoke; the Eye had vanished. In its place was the glimmering of the dawn, and the birth of a new day.

## An Interview with Miss Llewela Davies.

MISS LLEWELA DAVIES is an exception to that rule which tells us "a prophet is not without honour, save in his own country and in his own house." Ever since she entered the Royal Academy of Music seven years ago, have her friends and countrymen given her every proof of their affectionate admiration and regard. Last year, "in commemoration of her distinguished career at the Royal Academy of Music," as the silver inscription on the pianoforte has it, they presented her with a Broadwood Concert Grand; the tenants on the Ashburnham estate, Breconshire, giving her, at the same time, a handsome gold watch and chain. It seems strange, but, nevertheless, it is true, that Miss Davies was not sent up to London originally to study music; she was intended for Girton.

Chance changed her course. At the Welsh National Eisteddfod, which took place in the Albert Hall, in August, 1887, Mr. John Thomas gave her a slip of paper with particulars of his scholarship to be competed for in the following September.

"I didn't really think to take it up seriously," remarked Miss Davies, "for every one said music was over-crowded; but I went in and played all the same."

The scholarship was awarded her, and her future decided.

From that time she has steadily mounted the ladder of fame, working hard and adding year by year to the number of her medals and scholarships.

Besides the usual Academy awards of bronze and silver medals and certificates for pianoforte, composition, and sight singing, Miss Davies has taken the first B. Musc. Lond., the Sterndale Bennett and Louisa Hopkins prizes for pianoforte, the Santley prize for accompanying and transposing, and the Macfarren Scholarship for composition, tenable for three years, but which in her case has been renewed for another year.

In 1893 the Worshipful Company of Musicians presented her with their medal, for the most distinguished student of the R.A.M.; and this year the Charles Lucas medal, open to composers of both sexes, was adjudged her by the examiners (Messrs. Standford, Gladstone, and Cowen) for her quartette for pianoforte and strings.

As an accompanist she is charming and sympathetic; it may interest some to know that for two years she held the position of private accompanist to Mr. Santley.

She has played at many concerts and festivals, among which may be mentioned the Welsh National Eisteddfods of 1889 and 1892, the Hereford Festivals of 1891, and 1894, the Promenade Concerts, and at the "Private View" of the Queen's Hall.

Nothing can give my readers a better idea of Miss Davies' amiable character than her parting words to me—"I attribute all my success to my Professors, Mr. Walter Macfarren and Mr. Stewart Macpherson."

MISS MARIE BREMA is at present in Bayreuth, studying with Madame Wagner for the German opera season in America.

## What with the new Australian Singer, Miss Lalla Miranda.

IN the September number of the MAGAZINE OF MUSIC I promised its readers an "Illustrated Interview" with Miss Miranda—a promise which I am now able to fulfil.

I had arranged to call on Miss Miranda one evening at seven o'clock, but reached the house a little too soon. It was most fortunate that I did so, for on entering the room I found Miss Miranda standing beside a grand piano, and to her uncle Mr. S. C. Hirst's accompaniment singing the "Shadow Song," from *Dinorah*. A crimson glow flooded the room from a large lamp in one corner, and amid this semi-gloom the singer's voice rose and fell. It was a treat not soon to be forgotten, for so dramatically did Miss Miranda sing, that you felt as if you were taken off your feet altogether and whirled along by some unseen force.

At the conclusion of the aria our conversation naturally turned on opera. The subject proved to be a very dear one to the young *prima donna*. Within the mighty realm of opera she seemed to expect to find all that is best in art: opera with its great historic past and most brilliant present; opera within whose catholic embrace we find all "sorts and conditions," from saintly Elizabeth to heartless Lucretia Borgia; opera from the days of ancient Greece to modern Bayreuth,—all have cast a halo of bewitching magical romance around the fervid imagination of the Australian soprano. From her earliest days she wished to know something about the great works which filled her father's bookcase. Mr. David Miranda—a tenor who made a good name for himself under Mapleson's management—had a very rich musical library, and when his little girl used to see the great books side by side on the shelves with *La Sonambula*, *Luccia di Lammermuir*, *Faust*, and many more, embossed in gilt letters on the backs, and heard her parents speak of them with many touches of regard, she too would long for the time when, out of her knowledge of them, her voice might join in the "Hymns of Praise."

As time went on, her parents commenced her musical education with a view to her becoming a pianiste. At the age of fifteen Miss Miranda made her first public appearance, and was at once hailed as a player of much ability. It was not until 1890 that any idea of her becoming a singer was entertained—the change came about in this way. In 1890, when the large exhibition building in Melbourne was being used for concerts by Mr. Turner's Concert and Operatic Company, they were announced to perform Schumann's Cantata, "Paradise and the Peri." The soprano was taken suddenly ill, and Miss Miranda, who had been trying her voice at home a little, was called upon with no warning whatever to sing the part. It was absolutely "at sight," but yet she acquitted herself so well that both press and people praised her rapturously, the former advocating her to study singing seriously. Her mother now took up the training of her voice systematically, and at the end of a twelvemonth Miss Miranda joined Mr. Turner's company. Her success since then has been quite out of the ordinary. Possessing a soprano voice of the purest tones, with a range

from middle C to upper E—two octaves and a major third, it is not to be wondered that for three years Miss Miranda has been the favourite soprano in Melbourne and one of the most talked about singers in Australia. Gifted also with a charming manner, she seems to possess all the necessary component parts for the making of a *prima donna*. Since 1891 Miss Miranda has appeared in *Maritana*, *Bohemian Girl*, *The Huguenots*, *Robert the Devil*, *Dinorah*, *Faust*, *Rustic Chivalry*. Last winter she sustained the soprano part in *Lohengrin* with the *Melbourne Liedertafel*. She has for the last six months studied in Paris under the well-known teacher Madame Richard, to whom Miss Miranda was introduced by Massenet. Madame Richard has devoted eight hours a week for the last few months with her gifted pupil, in whose more than brilliant future she is certain. Although I cannot give dates, etc., yet I am told privately that it is more than probable that Miss Miranda will appear in opera in Paris before returning home. She sings in February at the Scottish Orchestral Concerts under Mr. Henschel's conductorship, and has already been offered most liberal terms by a well-known English Opera Company if she will join them. Of this I am certain, that the day is not far distant when Miss Lalla Miranda's name will be known over the length and breadth of our land as it is in Australia to-day.

S. FRASER HARRIS.

## Rector, Choir- master and Organist.

TOWARDS the end of 1893 I gave an account of music in St. Nicholas Cole Abbey, Queen Victoria Street. Mr. Shuttleworth is rector and—on Sundays—conductor there; Mr. Ralph Norris is always organist; Mr. H. Cooper is conductor at the Friday rehearsals and tenor soloist on Sundays. The three men work together in astonishing unanimity; one never hears of an angry word, and the choir consider a black eye out of the question. Thinking that if they had any secret, it would be as well to get it out of them for the benefit of the common parson, organist, and choirmaster, I thought to interview Messrs. Shuttleworth, Norris and Cooper. But in vain, said the wise man, is the net spread in sight of any bird; and of birds neither Mr. Cooper, nor Mr. Norris, nor yet Mr. Shuttleworth, is the least informed. My scheme was hatched out in January, 1894; lo! here is January, 1895—the twelfth day thereof—and the scheme is just carried out. Who says the world moves fast? Well, perhaps it does—faster than I move. However, here I am, my various interviews simmering in my memory; my present duty is not to moralize, but to produce my copy.

### THE RECTOR ABOUT HIS ORGANIST AND CHOIRMASTER.

Of course one's first impulse, when a chance like this for him opens, is to say, "Well, what do you think of the other two? not much, eh?" and thus lead the trio into mutual maledictions. That dangerous moment of temptation past, it is seen to be as well to get at the kernel of the matter gently. So I asked Mr. Shuttleworth what he thought on the organist and choir-master question.

"If you have read my book" (I may here interrupt the rector to say that I did read his book, the best one extant on the subject, and reviewed it in this periodical some time since), "you may remember that I'm strongly in favour, as a rule, of organist and choirmaster being the same person." When there is no conductor on Sunday, the organist takes his place; and it is a little too bad for the choir that one man should conduct them at the rehearsal and another at the performance. Here, at our place across the way, things are different. We have a conductor on Sundays: it is absolutely necessary that we should, for the organ is in the west gallery and the choir at the east end, and it is hopeless to expect them to keep in time at such a distance, so of course we have a conductor, that is to say, a choirmaster, at rehearsals."

"The conductor is yourself?" I inquired.

"He is. But so frequently I'm away on Fridays that Cooper is choirmaster at the rehearsals—indeed, he's choirmaster of the church; but at performances he sings the tenor solos, as you know."

"How does the plan work out, then?"

"Capitally, capitally! Of course we're all on the best of terms; they put up with a good deal, I expect, in the way of my shortcomings" (for Mr. Shuttleworth is one of the most generous of men), "and when we think differently on different points, we're content with thinking differently without wanting to act so. You know Norris, my organist, is a most capable fellow, and the same may be said of Cooper,—he is a true artist. What I owe to these two men I cannot say. I never think of conducting a work that I haven't rehearsed at least once with the choir."

Seeing there was no abuse of his colleagues to be got from Mr. Shuttleworth, I went on another tack.

"Would you mind telling me now," I said, "whether you're in favour of an entirely male or a 'cock and hen' choir?"

"Most decidedly the latter," Mr. Shuttleworth responded, somewhat emphatically. "Boys are intolerable: they don't behave well; they are difficult and tedious to train, and just when they're becoming bearable—bang! their voices have cracked, and you have to start the round afresh. And, at their best, their voices won't match the rich, mellow tones of a choir of women's voices."

"Then," I continued inexorably, "are you for the ordinary parish service, where the congregation sing everything, or a Cathedral service, where the congregation sing nothing?"

"The Cathedral service is well enough when you have a Cathedral choir; but even then there should be a people's service. What we do here is, in the morning a full service—Gounod, and so forth—in the afternoon an oratorio (when there is not a lecture), and in neither of these, except in the hymns, do the congregation join. But in the evening the service is for the people; everything is arranged so that they may sing right through. Now when an arrangement like that cannot be made, the service should be divided, so that people and choir can have each their turn. That is necessary, for the people won't come to church if they're not allowed to sing, nor will the choir. So you let the people sing in the hymns, psalms and canticles, and you give the choir a good anthem, and plenty of it."

More talk I had with Mr. Shuttleworth, but space fails me, and there is the gist of it.

### MR. NORRIS ON CHOIRMASTER AND RECTOR.

With Mr. Norris, as with Mr. Shuttleworth, I began at once with the organist and choir-master question, and the organist was of the





Very faithfully yours  
W. Shuttleworth



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same opinion as the rector, though for somewhat different reasons.

"The organist," he said, and speaking of the creature generically, not of himself, "is bound to know something of music, and the chances are strongly in favour of his getting to know more. Merely in learning to play the organ he gets an insight into music; and when, in addition, he studies—as he must, to play the organ artistically—harmony, counterpoint, and orchestration, and learns to play from vocal and full scores, he develops himself to a surprising extent. Now the choirmaster, on the contrary, is generally a mere singer, and it's as much as he can do to howl his own part. He knows nothing, and it is rarely necessary for him to know anything. Here, of course, we have an exceptional man; but what can the ordinary choirmaster do?"

Of course I agreed that the ordinary choirmaster was the most ignorant humbug of the day, and proceeded to ask Mr. Norris whether, in training a choir, he would take the organ himself, or engage some one to take it, and conduct.

"Neither," was the reply. "I don't believe in using the organ at rehearsals. Have a harmonium to give them the chord to start with, and when there's any danger of their going out of time; and teach them self-reliance by making them practise without any accompaniment."

"Would you, then, have boys, or a mixed choir?"

"Boys, decidedly;" and Mr. Norris was emphatic on the one side as Mr. Shuttleworth had been on the other. "That is to say, when there's time to train them. The tone is so much purer, clearer, don't you know. But where a large number of works is produced within a short time, as over the way, it's different. You must have women then, for it would be impossible to train boys' voices, and teach them their parts, in the time at our disposal."

I was about to proceed to the next question, but Mr. Norris plunged in first.

"When I was organist of a certain Diocesan Festival choir, I had about 50 choirs to rehearse, first separately, and then together in Cirencester Parish Church. I used nothing but a harmonium for all that lot; there would be 1,000 voices in all, I should think."

"Then what kind of service do you favour?"

Mr. Norris's reply was exactly the same as Mr. Shuttleworth's. But presently we got upon fresh ground. The rector believes in the unison hymn-tune.

"I don't believe in unison singing," said Mr. Norris. "You can rarely get enough bass voices, and how feeble women's voices are! In fact, when men do come, and do sing, they like to put in harmony notes. The basses drop down, the tenors fly up; it's the joy of their lives to get those high E's and F's. If there's plenty of harmony, the men in the congregation will generally land upon a note that's in the chord—at least, they'll try to; but if it's unison, they all get upon different notes, and the effect isn't nice."

"What kind of tunes do you like for singing in harmony?"

"As modern as you like. I'm all for having everything modern. Hopkins, Stainer, Barnby—not Dykes—there you are. I can't stand these mediæval tunes. They may be good enough music, they may be better tunes than our modern ones, but they're out of date, out of fashion. It's our duty, I think, to keep pushing forward, not to hark back. An old tune to me is like the old-world billy-cock hat and clothes. If any one came out in those, we should laugh; and though we don't laugh at the music, I think we should. It's only by going

ahead that we will get the best out of ourselves."

In fact, Mr. Norris became so profusely eloquent on this topic that, in following him eagerly, I quite forgot to make notes, so that many of his most powerful arguments cannot be reproduced. Presently, somehow, I cannot exactly tell how, the subject drifted round to the kind of oratorios suitable for performance in churches. I mentioned to Mr. Norris that Dr. Hopkins, the Temple organist, had once told me he thought there was an opening for a special kind of oratorio suited to small choirs and small orchestras.

"One is bound to entirely agree with that opinion," Mr. Norris said. "In fact, such an oratorio is needed. When you hear the big choruses—'The Hallelujah' or 'Unto Us,' which you've heard sung by thousands of voices—done by thirty or forty, the effect isn't good. At St. Nicholas the choir is a large one, but I've heard the 'Hallelujah' done by a choir with, say, eight men in it, and though the singing was in itself beautiful, it reminded me of the same chorus played on a tin-whistle. The tin-whistle may be perfect, and the player great, but you can't forget the absence of the four thousand voices."

"By the way, are you in favour of orchestras in churches?"

"For oratorios, yes; but not for ordinary services. There the organ is needed. And I think the organ shouldn't then imitate the orchestra. It should not be merely an accompaniment; it should play a real part; but that part should be vocal, should suggest voices, and imitations of the grass growing and the birds singing on the branches should all be omitted."

Here you have the vital part of my talk with Mr. Norris. You will note that he could not be "drawn" about his rector and choirmaster.

#### THE CHOIRMASTER ABOUT HIS COLLEAGUES.

Mr. Henry Cooper, I found, was absolutely in agreement with his rector and organist on most points in connection with the music of St. Nicholas Cole Abbey. He does not believe in the "hearty congregational" form of service, where men and women without voices and any knowledge of singing are permitted to "hum and howl" through solo-anthems and services. He thinks, at the same time, that the congregation should have frequent opportunities of working off harmlessly its vocal energy. And it seems to him that the St. Nicholas arrangement, with its morning mass and afternoon oratorio for the choir, and evening hymn and chant service for the people, is the happiest ever devised, and most likely to accomplish that most difficult of feats—pleasing everybody. Mr. Cooper, moreover, believes with Messrs. Shuttleworth and Norris that the organist and choirmaster should be combined in the same person, except when the organ and choir are at the opposite ends of the church. Though he does not, any more than Mr. Norris, like much organ at practice, he is not in favour of no accompaniment at all. He uses the piano freely; and then when the work in rehearsal is somewhat licked into shape, he puts on the organ. As I knew my readers would not care to go over the same ground in detail for the third time,—as I knew, moreover, that Mr. Cooper is a singularly gifted singer and teacher of singing,—I wished to confine myself, in course of the surgical operation known as the interview, to matters wherein he is a specialist. So I began by asking him how he trained the choir at St. Nicholas.

His reply was: "There is no training of

individuals. Of course, some of the members of the choir are my private pupils, but that is a different matter. Our principle with regard to the choir is to take in only those who can sing already."

"But surely you get a good many who cannot sing—well?"

"Not if we can help it. Sometimes a choir in the neighbourhood breaks up, and we have a dozen people clamouring to be taken 'in the lump'; and in that case we may take the others for the sake of the good ones. But these cases are rare. All our choir can read their parts now, and some of them are very good readers indeed. To have a few such in each part is half the battle."

"Can you tell me, then, what is the process you put the choir through in learning a new work?"

"We first take a run through, with organ, and without stopping for mistakes—unless they are very big—to get a general idea of the work. At the same time, I may make notes of the various weak places; and later I point these out. Then we rehearse them, inch by inch, as it were, using the piano a great deal. Then, of course, Mr. Shuttleworth comes in and rehearses it with us, so that he knows his part on Sunday."

"What sort of a conductor do you find him?" I said, for I began to forget my first intention.

Mr. Cooper looked steadily at me, as though he were thinking, "What's he up to now?" But he didn't say that. What he said was,—

"We find him a very good conductor. Of course, he is not a professional musician, and, taking that fact into consideration, he is very good indeed. He has his own way of doing things, but we've become used to that, and can follow him easily."

"While we are busy on the merits of your colleagues, would you mind saying whether it's true that Mr. Norris sometimes—as has been said—plays too loud?"

"I cannot say that he has never at any time put on a little more organ than was necessary, any more than I can that I have never at any time sung a phrase too loud. But as a general rule he seems to me to hit off admirably the exact volume of tone required. You know, of course, that that is not so easy in St. Nicholas. The organ is a peculiar one, and it's at the other end of the church; so that what may be too soft for us may be too loud for some of the congregation. In fact, in some of the solos, when Norris is playing quite loud enough, we actually cannot hear a note of the accompaniment!"

I then cross-examined Mr. Cooper with regard to hymns and chants. He is dead against Gregorians, or false mediævalism of any kind; and believes in harmonized tunes for congregational use. When we had discussed this sufficiently, we got upon the subject of voice-training. But what Mr. Cooper said there shall remain a secret for the present, for—and this also is a secret—he soon showed me that his views on the matter were clearer and more reasonable than are commonly met with, and I hope he will soon set some of them forth here for the benefit of the readers of the MAGAZINE OF MUSIC.

Mr. IRVING is reported to have said to an Ibsenite in Manchester: "No, I cannot say that I am an admirer of Ibsen plays. I have not seen many, but those I have seen have not impressed me. I don't care for morbid, melancholy, problem plays, in which the hospital looms so largely. Ibsen I do not care for; Shakespeare is quite good enough for me."

# The Bohemian Nineteenth Century Bach's Christmas

## Passion Play at Hoeritz. Oratorio.

(FROM A CORRESPONDENT.)

(Continued from page 296.)



"ANNAS."



"CHRISTUS."

THERE are now, as a matter of fact, several Passion Plays. A year or two ago one was instituted somewhere in the neighbourhood of Cologne, for the purpose of raising money for a church in the district. During the past summer there was a Passion Play—of a kind—at Waal, a small place in Suabia, this play dating from 1815. Last year there was one at Erl, in the north of the Tyrol. Brixlegg also has a well-known representation every five or six years. All of these, however, differ in many respects from that reverential setting forth of the same subject which has so far been the labour of love of the people of Oberammergau, every ten years since the year 1633. Another Play at Neustadt, on the Danube, has from time to time been regularly performed, and during the autumn last year there was one in Bohemia. To this Play I made a pilgrimage in September. Hoeritz, in the Boehmerwald (Bohemian Forest), a little market town on the Budweis and Salnau Railway, is the place where the Play is acted. An official announcement of the performance says, that the Play "was first started in 1816, when it was adapted and arranged by the linen weaver, Paul Groellhesel. From 1816 to 1840 the Plays were acted by the people in their ordinary Sunday costumes. In 1891, however, the German Boehmerwald-Bund (Bohemian Forest Association) commissioned the theatrical manager, Herr Ludwig Deutsch, to examine into the social conditions of Hoeritz, and the possibility of inaugurating a more elaborate representation." After this, Herr Josef Taschek, of Budweis, the President of the Association, strenuously advocated—to quote further from the same official pamphlet—"the getting up of a grand representation," the upshot being that a large theatre has been built, in which performances took place in 1893, also in the July, August, and September of this year. They have every possible modern stage effect. The auditorium is in total darkness, there being not even the glimmer of the turned-down electric lights, as at Bayreuth. The commencement of the performance itself, and of the second part, is heralded by a fanfare of brass instruments, being a strain of part of the music in the Play. The orchestra is completely hidden from view, and one cannot fail to note

that all these ideas are taken from Bayreuth. The scenes and tableaux are lighted by electricity. The orchestra is composed of professionals from Budweis, who come out to Hoeritz for each performance. There is a good organ in the orchestra, and several of the tableaux are exhibited with an organ accompaniment alone. Three hundred persons take part in the Play. There is a large chorus, but the chief part of the explanation is spoken by the assistant schoolmaster of the place. The scenes, tableaux and costumes are all good. Last year about 30,000 spectators are said to have witnessed the Play, and this year that number will have been probably considerably exceeded. Count Ferdinand d'Este, heir to the throne of Austria, took the opportunity of visiting the Play during the autumn military manoeuvres at Budweis. Several other notabilities have also been attracted thither. The part of the "Christus" is taken by the schoolmaster, Herr Johann Bartl. (A portrait of him in this character is here given, also of Adelbert Riedel, who played the part of Annas.) The stage manager is Herr Ludwig Deutsch, and the choruses are conducted by the director of the cathedral orchestra of Budweis, Herr J. Jungmann. The Play is certainly well worth visiting. The scenery of the district is picturesque.

The celebrated graphite mines of Schwarzbach are also in this neighbourhood. In the autumn of next year, in August and September, it is proposed to repeat the Play, when a further opportunity will be given of witnessing the outcome of the enterprise of these enthusiastic people of the Boehmerwald-Bund. Budweis may be reached by rail via Nuernberg, Eger and Pilsen, or via Munich, Simbach and Linz. Another route is from Nuernberg or Munich to Passau by rail, and thence by steamer on the Danube to Linz, whence the rail goes to Budweis. From Budweis the local line goes direct to Hoeritz.

ZURICH.—Wagner's "Siegfried" has had a successfully arranged representation at Zurich, Switzerland. The musical director, Kempter, and Lederer in the title rôles, contributed largely to the success of the opera, which was heard there for the first time.

THE late eminent Macfarren declared that the six parts of the oratorio fell into two threes, meaning thereby that it approximated to the Mendelssohn ideal. If Bach had heard this dictum, I cannot help thinking he would have fallen into six sixths or a greater number of pieces. The truth is, each portion ought in performance to be marked off clearly from the others. Each is as much a separate work as the *Rheingold* or the *Walküre*; each has its prevailing colour and emotion; and we ought no more to think of rushing headlong through the series without a pause than of playing the whole of the *ring* on the same day. Church music in England is in such a wretched state, and our cathedral organists so lack intelligence, that it may be years before a work presenting the difficulties of the *Christmas Oratorio* can be performed as the composer intended. Therefore, if we hear it all, it must be in the concert hall, and the whole must be done in one evening; and in that case there ought to be a pause of at least five minutes after each part.

Each part, with the exception of the second, opens with a chorus and ends with a chorale, and chorale and chorus, even without a reference to the Bible text, afford a sufficient clue to the predominant feeling. That of the first is pure jubilation and elevation of spirit. To understand what Bach aims at, we must remember what Christmas was, not merely in Germany, but all Europe over, until the middle of this century. It was the season when all men pumped out all that was in them of good fellowship, or, to use a wider and uncorrupted term, of humanity. Good humour, mutual good-wishes, compliment, and congratulations thickened the atmosphere and brightened it. It was the day of escape from a tremendous danger, the day when the Deliverer arrived; and in the common way all mean, petty, private affairs were put aside, and old men played the fool without thinking of their dignity. On Christmas Day, 1734, the service was held at six o'clock in the morning or thereabouts; and in the darkness, made blacker by each burgher's lantern, the congregation trudged through the snow under the overhanging upper storeys of the old German streets, not seriously, disconsolately, as people fain to get back to bed, but merry, and chattering, and full of traditional practical jokes, until they arrived at the church, which was—we may hope—warm and brilliantly lit, and gorgeously decorated with holly or its German equivalent. Then, after compliments amongst friends, the faces grew solemn, and the dreary pastor mounted the pulpit to pour forth pulpy sermonising through its firstly, secondly, and so on to lastly stage; some time during the proceedings Master Bach's specially written music was sung; the congregation indulged in chorales; and finally all wended homeward as the day broke, anticipating good eating, good drinking, and unlimited fun.

The whole message and meaning of Part I. is adequately described by the first words of the opening chorus—"Christians, be joyful, and praise your salvation; Sing, for to-day your Redeemer is born." That is the important point for Bach—Your Redeemer is born, he says. Come then, and rejoice with me, hearing your own feelings in my music! There is no chorus in the world that opens with more enormous



energy than this, nowhere in literature, in painting, or in music, is what we all understand by the Christmas feeling—which is now, alas! nothing more than a memory of what Christmas was to our childhood—nowhere is it set forth with such clearness and overwhelming force as here. The *Christmas Oratorio* is never performed in England—think of it, a world's masterpiece, and never performed!—and those readers whose cash and enthusiasm will not stand the drain incurred by a trip to Germany, and perhaps a lengthened stay there, must needs learn what they can from the score—oftenest, unfortunately (for the orchestral score is expensive), from the piano score. In all probability they will be disappointed at the outset. They may pass over this tremendous opening page without realizing that it contains music equal to any ever written. If, at least, would not change the first sixteen bars for any other sixteen I know—not though they were offered me from "Worthy is the Lamb," the Fifth Symphony, and the Prelude to *Parsifal*. Those five feeble rum-te-tum notes in the bass are five notes of the drum, set off with electric rhythmical effect by a deep double-bass note, and possibly a chord on the organ—though the latter would probably weaken the effect. That little ornamental passage in the treble is an almost hysteric scream of joy from the two flutes. Then the whacking rhythm of the drum occurs, and again the joyful cry, this time on the oboes; and while oboes and violins sweep headlong from the top to the bottom of the scale, the trumpets clatter up in arpeggios to the position from which, as it were, they launch themselves upon the magnificent stream of melody that follows. Not only Handel, but Bach also, could strike like a thunderbolt when he chose, and here he has chosen. See, after the first strain of melody is delivered, how the violins rush madly about in a delicious whirl, how the trumpets keep up the motion and incessant joyful clatter, and finally, how the voices, after a few preliminary shouts, are swept away into the irresistible melody previously heard on the trumpets. Bach and hysteria are not commonly associated; and in no other work does he so continuously and to such a degree work upon our capacity for nervous exultation. Even *Tristan und Isolde* does not draw our energies more than this first chorus, "Glory to God," or the opening chorus of the fifth part. But we must not overlook the mastery with which Bach affords relief after each climax. The middle portion of "Christians, be joyful," is, so to speak, a reversal of the previous current of feeling that nerves for a further close of that previous current. Nor is the middle portion Mendelssohnian padding. It is exquisitely beautiful, especially, one may say, the first seventeen bars.

The note of joy struck at the opening is sustained throughout the part, but varied in many ways. The wretched evangelist gets through his narrative, and then we have a good deal of local preacher that can only be forgiven on account of the exquisite music. In the song "Prepare thyself, Zion," we have the sentimental side of Christmas—a revelation of the narrow strand of yearning sorrow that pervades human life and inextricably mixes with our highest joys. Look, for instance, at the setting of "the fairest, and purest" (Novello's edition, p. 15, fourth stave), at that of "Those must meet him with a heart with love o'er-flowing," and say whether tender feeling was ever more exquisitely expressed. And it may be a useful clue to those who don't understand local preacher, that to the Lutheran mind, "The Bridegroom we are bidden haste to welcome," was nothing less than the unattainable Ideal

that appeared close at hand on Christmas Day, but infinitely removed on Good Friday; therefore the yearning and the sorrow that Bach presses into the music.

When we arrive at the chorale, "How shall I fitly meet thee?" we come also upon a knotty question: Were these hymns sung by the whole congregation? My own belief is that they were not, and these are my grounds for that belief. Congregations always sang the melody in unison, leaving the organist free to elaborate his accompaniments and incessantly vary his harmonies. If Bach suddenly dumped down a number of harmonized chorales, with a request that each man and woman would take part according to his or her voice, many enthusiastic souls would be unable to do so, and we should have some of the basses singing the melody, with distressing effect, beneath the true bass. If, as some sage people have supposed, the whole congregation sang the melody while the choir had the harmonies, the effect would be worse than ever. And I do not believe there ever was a congregation that could, even with music, which Bach's Leipzig friends had not, sing the parts of such chorales as this one (No. 5, p. 18) or "Break forth, O beauteous heavenly light"; and moreover, if there ever was such a congregation, the chorales so sung would be entirely spoilt. These considerations, and the extremely delicate treatment of the tunes, lead me to suppose that Bach wanted them sung only by the choir, with such accompaniment as he indicated. Like the preceding song, this No. 5 has an echo of sadness in it. It is the open expression of the thought that was then running in the composer's mind—"How shall I fitly meet thee?" a question, which, by a device as simple and obvious as it is masterly, is left unanswered.

In No. 7 the music is exquisitely sensitive (see bars nine and ten); the effect of the sweet treble voices sustaining a strong melody against the rippling accompaniment is full of charm; and then a bass relative of the evangelist breaks in upon the magical scene with platitudes that are heart-breaking in their exasperating dulness.

In the two concluding numbers we get back to the superb energy of the opening. The bass song, "Mighty Lord, and King all glorious," fairly overflows with a Godlike sense of power. Look at the passage, "He who all things doth sustain" (stave 3, p. 25), how boldly the melody steps out, how the chords in the orchestra seem to take you off your feet, and yet what a wondrous mystic sweetness in the two bars just preceding these chords! Your modern composer would write two hundred pages and not say so much as Bach compressed into those four bars of mingled sweetness and strength. And the final chorale, too—what a fast hold on you, and a determination to keep that hold it expresses! At a first glance one might think that "Ah! dearest Jesus" should be gently sung, and that the accompaniment should suggest a smooth rocking motion. At least I was for some time inclined to take that view, and a study of the full score simply had the effect of confounding me. For that rocking accompaniment is given to three trumpets, and the rhythm is strengthened by strokes of the tympani! And how much finer is Bach's intention than anything we, in ignorance of it, can imagine! "Jesus, the Bringer of joy, has come," he says; let us take joy to our hearts and keep it always. And the trumpets and drums sound out in triumphant determination, and the broad phrases of the chorale send the message home to the burgher mind. Verily, Bach is the king of musicians!

(To be continued.)

## Some Absurdities of Modern Pianism.

M OZART, Beethoven, Weber, Schubert, and Schumann treated the piano as a piano. Czerny and Henselt treated it as a kind of glorified musical box. It was reserved for Liszt to use it as a substitute for the orchestra. And the school of playing founded by Liszt has been carried on with vigour by his followers. His dodges have been converted into principles, his casual remarks into dogmas. And, as always happens in such cases, a fine crop of absurdities has sprung up amongst the disciples, and are being watered and generally tended and fostered with all care. The Liszt school is now in the ascendant, and its influence is reaching down so low as the professors of pianoforte in some of our best advertised music-schools. This influence is, on the whole, a good one; but the absurdities referred to are most pernicious. Here are a few of them.

1. That by twisting the finger on the key after the note is sounded, some kind of equivalent for the vocal or violin vibrato is attained.

Need it be said this idea is purely fantastical? After the note is struck there is absolutely no connection between the vibrating string and the key until the latter is freed, when the damper ascends or descends and the sound ceases. The notion probably had rise in the days when the piano had not quite superseded the clavi-chord. In this instrument there was a connection between key and string as long as the key was pressed down; and by moving the key horizontally a kind of tremolo, or at least a small unsteadiness of tone, was produced. In these matters it is wonderful to note how the eye, or a preconception, will deceive the ear. Sir John Stainer mentions the case of an organ player who was vigorously "pumping" his swell pedal. Had he been playing on the swell organ there would have been *crescendo* and *diminuendo* in plenty, not to say excess. But he happened not to be playing on the swell. The tone remained perfectly level, and the variations he probably heard were entirely imaginary.

2. That a staccato can be got while the sustaining pedal is held down.

This, too, is imaginary. So long as the dampers are off the strings, so long will the strings go on vibrating (within limits, of course), whether a staccato or legato touched is used. The delusion is most seen when a player strikes a low bass note *fortissimo*, holds it with the pedal, and then frolics round with "staccato" arpeggios or scale passages in the uttermost treble! The effect is as absurd to the hearer as the "pumping" of the swell pedal noticed by Sir John Stainer. Curiously enough, Chopin occasionally marks a bar "Ped.," and over the notes in the bar places staccato marks. But in that case it seems probable that he knew what he was about. He wanted the notes struck with the sharp touch, which, amongst the general mass of sustained sound, would produce an effect suggestive of a true staccato. By the way, this power of holding down one or more notes, leaving the hands free to proceed with other passages, is one that would be very useful on all pianos. Messrs. Brinsmead & Son are, I believe, the only firm that turn out pianos possessing it. Their arrangement is simplicity itself and most effective.

3. That it is possible to suggest instrumental colouring in pianoforte pieces.

Let me ask the reader given to painting and

the like pastimes, what amount of colour may be suggested in a black-and-white drawing? In reality, none. Make such a drawing of an animal never seen before, and it will be impossible to make a guess at the colours from it. In the case of animals we know, or trees, or men with red noses, it does seem as if somehow colour was suggested. It is suggested—but by our own memories. In the same way in a pianoforte transcription of (say) Wagner's *Flying Dutchman* overture, we can almost imagine we hear the whizz of the violins and the piercing tones of the trumpets. That is simply because we know the composition and have so often heard it on the orchestra. No; the nearest we can get to orchestral colouring is, play harshly for the trumpets and trombones, softly and with a round tone for the flutes, with an "edge" for the violins, and so on and so on. More than that cannot be done. One reason why this notion is at all accepted is, that, for technical reasons, certain instruments have characteristic phrases. Whenever these phrases occur, even on the piano, they suggest one instrument or another. For instance, rapid repeated notes, or alternations of time and dominant, will always suggest the trumpet. That, too, is memory—association of ideas, at work.

These are a few of the absurdities I spoke of; and teachers and pupils may be recommended not to waste too much time on them.

## In the Back Office.

**THE JUNIOR CLERK.**—Life isn't worth living.  
**IDEALIST.**—Eh? Did some one speak?  
**JUNIOR CLERK.**—Yes; I said life isn't worth living.

**IDEALIST.**—Humph! (*Goes into his newspaper again.*)

**CYNIC.**—How's that?

**JUNIOR CLERK.**—It's a series of swindles.

**CYNIC.**—Right! What is it Dryden sings?—

"Strange cozenage, none would live past years again."

**JUNIOR CLERK.**—There was that Moody prize last month. I wrote to them about it. And now Henschel's Symphony Co. has gone bang.

**CRITIC.**—What! is it off?

**JUNIOR CLERK.**—Yes; they couldn't get the cash. And the worst of it is, I had written asking whether they would take five and sevenpence-halfpenny and give me part of a share.

**CYNIC.**—I don't wonder at the scheme "going bang" if you did that. Of course, every one, from Daniel Mayer and Maclaren down to the office boy, would be engaged in calculating the portion of a share that should be allotted to you; and meanwhile the time would go past for persuading their friends to take up quantities of shares.

**JUNIOR CLERK.**—Do you think it's my fault the thing has stopped? What a nuisance! I needn't have mentioned the sevenpence-halfpenny. But I had it, and thought—

**CYNIC.**—You needn't apologize: if you did stop the thing, you did the musical world a good turn.

**JUNIOR CLERK.**—Yes; but the musical world won't give me 50 per cent. on my five and sevenpence-halfpenny in return.

**CYNIC.**—Neither would Mr. Henschel's company. I wonder whether any one else but you applied for shares, and whether the amount was larger than your—

**JUNIOR CLERK.**—Now stop it! It's all very well for you fellows who get big screws to scoff; but—

**CYNIC.**—So much feeling. Well, well!

**CRITIC.**—I'm glad it's off, too. Henschel seems to have been living in a fool's paradise, imagining that he was popular, that everything he did was approved and admired by critics and the multitude alike, that the moneyed folk would back him to any extent. Now he's disillusioned—I hope.

**CYNIC.**—Not he; or, at least, he won't show it. But tell me, my boy, why did you think of—say investing, after our talk last month?

**JUNIOR CLERK.**—Thought you had no money to put in, and were jealous of those that had.

**CYNIC.**—Another thing has gone smash—the London Music Publishing Company (Limited).

**CRITIC.**—That was a funny row between them and Miss Gertrude Hill Wyllie.

**IDEALIST.**—Who in this wide creation may that lady be?

**CYNIC.**—A very talented lady, let me tell you, sir—for she got £25 and her costs from the defunct company.

**CRITIC.**—Would she get it?

**CYNIC.**—You'd better write her, if you're keenly anxious to know. People don't generally get much out of companies that are tottering to their fall.

**CRITIC.**—Anyhow, it's a lesson to "rising composers."

**IDEALIST.**—What's the good of talking in hints and snatches like that? Out with it—what are the facts?

**CYNIC.**—The facts? They took the solicitor about a couple of hours to describe to Judge Collier and a jury at the Southport County Court on December 11th, last year. In outline, here they are. This talented and industrious lady wrote a waltz, and showed her originality by calling it "Fairy Footsteps." The London Music Publishing Company agreed to publish it, and give her for it 200 copies. This, however, they found it necessary to change, and asked her to send them goodness only knows how much money. She sent them seven pounds, and proof was to arrive presently. But it didn't. Ultimately the lady lost hope; and, being able to get neither her manuscript nor her money, and having lost her market for the season by the detention and non-publication of the waltz, she commenced an action. She won,—and that's all.

**CRITIC.**—You mean there'll be no sequel, in the way of cash, to her victory?

**CYNIC.**—I mean what I say.

**CRITIC.**—It's to be hoped that young composers won't be so anxious henceforth to trust publishing firms with their manuscripts.

**CYNIC.**—Or to write waltzes?

**JUNIOR CLERK.**—They should write them for this new instrument—the Edeophone.

**CRITIC.**—The —!

**JUNIOR CLERK.**—No; not the —. The Edeophone: a kind of concertina brought out by Lachenal. Weighs a shade over two pounds, lovely to look at, and designed specially for the New Woman.

**CRITIC.**—Heavens!

**JUNIOR CLERK.**—I intend to have one for a young lady that none of you know yet.

**IDEALIST.**—Is her name 'Arriet'?

**JUNIOR CLERK.** (*loftily*).—It's really a marvelous thing. The only thing wrong about it is its name. If it weren't a concertina, every one of us here would have one; and, instead of squabbling away the hours we should be working, we would play symphonies. I would conduct. (*All the others leave the room.*)



## ST. JAMES'S HALL. "EUGÈNE OUDIN" MEMORIAL CONCERT

UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF  
**H.R.H. THE PRINCESS LOUISE**  
(Marchioness of Lorne).

President:

**SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN.**

Hon. President:

**His Excellency THE AMERICAN  
AMBASSADOR.**

**MONDAY, FEB. 25, 1895, at 2.30.**

*Under the direction of Mr. N. VERT.*

The Proceeds of the above Concert will be invested and held in trust for the benefit of the Three Young Children of the late Mr. EUGÈNE OUDIN.

*The following eminent Artists have kindly consented to give their assistance:*

**MADAME ALBANI,  
MISS ESTHER PALLISER,  
MADAME ALICE GOMEZ,  
MADAME BELLE COLE,  
MADAME AMY SHERWIN,  
MDLLE. ZAGURY,  
MISS ROSA GREEN,  
MISS ELLA RUSSELL.**

**MR. EDWARD LLOYD,  
MR. LAWRENCE KELLIE,  
MR. GEORGE ASPINALL,  
MR. BEN DAVIES,  
MR. DAVID BISPHAM,  
MR. ARTHUR OSWALD,  
SIGNOR FOLI.**

**THE MEISTER GLEE SINGERS.**

**SIR CHARLES AND LADY HALLÉ,  
MISS FANNY DAVIES,  
MDLLE. CHAMINADE,  
MONS. JOHANNES WOLFF,  
MR. LEO STERN,  
MR. LEONARD BORWICK.**

**MR. CHARLES WYNDHAM,  
MISS MARY MOORE,  
MR. GEORGE GROSSMITH.**

**THE ANGLO-HUNGARIAN BAND**  
(By kind permission of Messrs. Lacon & Ollier).

### Conductors.

**MR. W. KUHE, MR. F. H. COWEN,  
SIGNOR TOSTI,  
MR. WADDINGTON COOKE,  
MADAME MERA,  
MR. WILHELM GANZ,  
MR. RANDEGGER.**

**TICKETS**—Sofa Stalls and Balcony Stalls, 21/-; Area and Balcony (Reserved), 10/6; Balcony (Unreserved), 5/-; Admission, 2/6.

At TREE'S TICKET OFFICES, St. James's Hall and 304, Regent Street; the usual Agents; and from the Honorary Secretaries, MR. NORMAN SALMOND and MR. J. B. WESTROPP, at 6, Cork Street, Burlington Gardens, W.





# The Organ World.

## VOLUNTARIES.

It is almost a truism to say that the organist who is no accompanist is—for church purposes—no organist at all. However triumphant his concert-room record may be, he finds within his church walls a spot where he must either efface himself or lose his reputation among real artists. On the other hand, the tasteful accompanist with only moderate executive ability may sometimes cause a squirm as he flounders through a voluntary beyond his powers, but his capacity for torture is very limited compared with that of the blatant soloist. We are under no obligation to listen to lame postludes by the former, but the latter has us at his mercy for the whole of the service, and can run, trill, crash, "grin like a dog," and "sing among the branches" on every fancy stop to his heart's content. There is little hope of his developing into an accompanist. His failing consists in a lack of good taste, and we all know of what material it is impossible to make a silken purse.

But if a man is able to accompany creditably a good service, it is not too much to suppose that he could work up at least two passable voluntaries per week for performance at the Sunday evening service.

Recent correspondence in musical papers seems to indicate a widespread desire among ordinary players to increase their repertoire of solo pieces within their powers, and not only to perform these efficiently, but also to interest their congregations in their efforts. The plan of inserting the voluntaries in service lists is excellent from the congregational point of view. Wherever it has been tried, the result is the same: people who previously used to walk out of church now remain after service to listen. The true Britisher loves the concrete; he hears with indifference any unfamiliar piece of music, and if he listens at all, it is only to wonder vaguely what it is all about; but tell him beforehand that it is a "Shepherd's Song by Browne-Jones," or a fugue by Robinson-Smith, he is all attention, and—good Philistine that he is—is quite prepared with an opinion of these gentlemen afterwards. His criticisms are frequently absurd and irritating, but still one point is gained—you have got him to listen. Frequent "listensings" must eventually have their effect, and he must be a strange being indeed, who does not in the process acquire something in the way of decent taste and judgment.

I have been assuming, of course, that the music performed is good, but there are two things which militate considerably against universal success in these "announced voluntaries," or after-service recitals. The first is the small proportion of good organ music published, compared with the vast amount of the pot-boiler type. A glance at any list of recitals will show this. The temptation then comes to give the average "arrangement" of something or other, —a very unsatisfying musical meal.

The second danger arises from the abiding presence of the ambitious but moderate executant, who is not content to achieve success by assiduous practice, but seeks a short cut to "brilliance" through the cheap and gaudy

effects in which the meretricious French School (save the mark) are so lavish.

There is daily evidence now, however, that the soloist (pure and simple) is giving way to the good (shall I say excellent?) all-round man, who can both give a good recital and accompany a service with taste and effect. The increase of such a class of musicians is gradually creating a public who at least know good music from bad, and who will be less inclined in the future than they even are at present, to tolerate the would-be performer, who hides his incompetence behind gaudy displays of French fireworks.

If this increased interest in organ performances has driven the incompetents to the rubbish heap of flashy publications, it is also teaching moderate performers that they must either stick to unobtrusive accompaniment of the service, and leave recitals to their more able brethren, or else woo success by the tedious process of long and patient study.

No one who is familiar with London churches can have failed to notice many cases of this kind, in which a mere accompanist has developed—probably late in life—into a good soloist.

It is a healthy state of affairs, and augurs well for the future of church music.

Appended is a specification of the new organ for Worcester Cathedral, now in course of construction by the Hope-Jones Organ Company. Its most noticeable features are the size of the pedal organ and the absence of mixtures (there is only a sesquialtera on the Swell). The mutation work is less than is usual in organs of similar size.

Compass of the Pedals, CCC to F, 30 notes.  
Compass of the Manuals, CC to C, 61 notes.

### PEDAL.

	Ft.		Ft.
1 Tonitru (lowest octave resultant) ...	64	8 Octave ...	8
2 Tibia Profundissima ...	32	9 Flute ...	8
3 Double Open Diapason ...	32	10 Diaphone (in powers) ...	32
4 Tibia Profunda ...	16	11 Diaphone (in powers) ...	16
5 Tibia Profunda (choir) ...	16	12 Tuba Profunda ...	16
6 Violone ...	16	13 Contra Fagotta ...	16
7 Bourdon (choir) ...	16	14 Tuba ...	8

### ACCESSORIES.

Solo to Pedals.	Swell to Pedals.
Great to Pedals.	Choir to Pedals.

### GREAT.

	Ft.		Ft.
15 Diapason Phoson ...	16	21 Octave Diapason ...	4
16 Tibia Plena ...	8	22 Harmonic Flute ...	4
17 Diapason Phoson ...	8	23 Harmonic Piccolo ...	2
18 Open Diapason ...	8	24 Tuba Profunda ...	16
19 Hohl Flute ...	8	25 Tuba ...	8
20 French Horn or Viol d'Amour ...	8		

### ACCESSORIES.

Sub-Octave (light wind).	Swell to Great (sub).
Super-Octave (heavy wind).	Swell to Great (unison), double touch.
Solo to Great (sub).	Swell to Great (super).
Solo to Great (unison), double touch.	Choir to Great (sub).
Solo to Great (super).	Choir to Great (unison).

Five compound Composition keys for Great stops and Pedal stops and couplers.  
Two compound Composition keys for Great couplers.

### SWELL.

	Ft.		Ft.
26 Tibia Dura ... wood	8	33 Open Flute ...	4
27 Horn Diapason ...	8	34 Harmonic Piccolo ...	2
28 Stopped Diapason ...	8	35 Sesquialtera ... 3 ranks	
29 Viol d'Orchestre ...	8	36 Contra Posane ...	16
30 Lieblich Geschallt ...	8	37 Horn ...	8
31 Phoneuma (tenor C grooved) ...	8	38 Oboe ...	8
32 Octave Diapason ...	4	39 Vox Humana ...	8
		40 Harmonic Clarion ...	4

### ACCESSORIES.

Sub-Octave.	Choir to Swell (second touch).
Super-Octave.	Tremulant.
Solo to Swell (second touch).	Swell Pedal.
Five compound Composition keys for Swell stops, Pedal stops, and couplers.	
Two Composition keys for Swell couplers.	

## CHOIR.

	Ft.		Ft.
41 Dble. Open Diapason ...	16	46 Flute ...	4
42 Open Diapason ...	8	47 Oboe Flute ...	4
43 Lieblich Gedact ...	8	48 Flautina ...	2
44 Viol d'Orchestre ...	8	49 Cor Anglais ...	8
45 Dulciana ...	8	50 Clarinet ...	8

### ACCESSORIES.

Sub-Octave.	Swell to Choir (unison), double touch.
Super-Octave.	Swell to Choir (super).
Swell to Choir (sub).	
Three compound Composition keys for Choir stops, Pedal stops, and couplers.	
Two compound Composition keys for Choir couplers.	

### SOLO (in a special Swell Box).

	Ft.		Ft.
51 Harmonic Flute ...	8	54 Tuba Profunda ...	16
52 Harmonic Flute ...	4	55 Tuba Sonora ...	8
53 Tuba Mirabilis (double touch) on 100 in. pressure	8	56 Orchestral Oboe ...	8

### ACCESSORIES.

Sub-Octave.	Tremulant.
Super-Octave.	Swell Pedal.
Three Composition keys for Solo stops.	
Two Composition keys for Solo couplers.	

### GENERAL ACCESSORIES.

Stop-switch (key and pedal).
Sforzando Pedal.
One Composition Pedal (p).
One Composition Pedal (f).
One Composition Pedal (sf).
One Composition Pedal bringing couplers on.
One Composition Pedal taking couplers off.
One Combination Pedal bringing all Diapasons and the necessary couplers.
One Combination Key bringing all Diapasons and the necessary couplers.

"The wind is awake" indeed, in the "Blow, gentle gales." organ world at present. The first little breeze arose on the announcement that the Hope-Jones Company had obtained the contract for the new Worcester organ. Indignant protests against the "wanton destruction" of Messrs. Hill's instrument, and curt rejoinders, have been well to the fore; all showing how the happy family of organ-builders love one another. Organists can well afford to wait till the storm has blown over and the organ is erected, when they will be in a position to judge whether the action of the Dean and Chapter has proved a change for the better or the worse.

Mr. Casson, in *Musical Opinion*, falls foul of Mr. Hope-Jones on the subject of "Interference," "Nodal Points," and the part they play in organ construction. And the gentle zephyrs of controversy still play around St. George's Hall, Liverpool. The experiment of the corporation in engaging a series of performers in place of a permanent organist does not appear to have proved a success. First, we have performers only restrained at the last minute from giving "barrel-organ" imitations; then we have complaints of others, who, on the strength of their performance, style themselves "Organist of St. George's Hall;" and we have yet a third type of gentleman whose programme is made up of his own compositions, save for an occasional sop to the vulgar taste in the shape of a Bach, Handel, or Mendelssohn selection. Poor Liverpool!

### Chamber Organs.

Most observers must have been struck by the great increase of these instruments in private houses. They are no mere toys either, with mutilated registers and incomplete pedal boards, but thoroughly good specimens of organ building. The latest erection of this kind is the instrument in Fulshaw Hall, Cheshire, by Mr. Alfred Kirkland. It is blown by a Crossley half-horse-power "Otto" gas engine, which, together with the bellows, is placed at some distance from the organ, in a specially constructed crypt, the wind being conveyed to the reservoir in the instrument through zinc trunking. The couplers are made to draw on both sides of the manuals.

The specification is as follows:—

### GREAT.

	Ft.		Ft.
1 Open Diapason ...	8	5 Harmonic Flute ...	4
2 Clarabella & St. Dn. ...	8	6 Harmonic Piccolo ...	2
3 Gamba ...	8	7 Trumpet ...	8
4 Principal ...	4		

## GUILD OF ORGANISTS.

Patron: The Right Rev. the LORD BISHOP OF LONDON.  
President: E. J. HOPKINS, Esq., Mus. D., Cantuar.  
Vice-President: J. T. FIELD.

The NEXT EXAMINATION for Certificate of practical Musicianship, and Fellowship of the Guild (F. Gld. O.) will be held January 17th, 1895. Registers of vacancies and Candidates for Organ Appointments kept. Hon. Sec.: FRANK B. TOWNSEND, Org. and Choirman, Brentwood, and 4, Huggin Lane, Queen Victoria Street, London.

SWELL.			
	Ft.		Ft.
8 Bourdon ...	16	13 Gemshorn ...	4
9 Open Diapason ...	8	14 Mixture, 3 ranks various.	8
10 Lieblich Gedacht ...	8	15 Cornopean ...	8
11 Vox Angelica ...	8	16 Oboe ...	8
12 Voix Celeste ...	8		

CHOIR (tenor C, in separate Swell Box).

	Ft.		Ft.
17 Dulciana ...	8	20 Lieblich Flute...	4
18 Orchestral Flute ...	8	21 Orchestral Oboe ...	8
19 Viol de Gamba...	8	22 Clarinet ...	8

PEDAL.			
	Ft.		Ft.
23 Open Diapason ...	16	26 Bass Flute ...	8
24 Bourdon ...	16	27 Trombone ...	16
25 Violoncello ...	8	28 Trumpet ...	8

Compass of Manuals, CC to G, 36 notes.

Compass of Pedals, CCC to F, 30 notes.

COUPLERS.			
Swell to Great.		Great to Pedal.	
Choir to Great.		Swell to Pedal.	
Swell to Choir.		Choir to Pedal.	
Great Super Octave.			

PNEUMATIC PISTONS.			
Great to Pedals on Great.		Swell to Great on Swell.	
Swell to Pedals on Swell.		Pedal Organ on Great.	
Swell to Great on Great.		Pedal Organ on Swell.	

The Swell is worked by a Balance Pedal.

The Choir is worked by a Hanging Pedal.

Pneumatic Lever to Great Organ and Couplers.

Tubular Pneumatic Action to Pedal Organ.

Here is the specification of the new "Electric" electric organ built on the Hope-Jones system by Messrs. Norman Brothers & Beard, of Norwich, for St. John's, Yeovil. The organ has been placed in the chamber occupied by the old instrument; the great organ, with the choir organ above it, being brought out a few feet from the arch, to throw the tone as far as possible into the church. The acoustical properties of the organ chamber have been much improved by increasing the height and removing the glass from the tracery in the arch. The console (movable) is placed in the chancel, and is connected with the organ by an eighty feet cable.

Compass of Pedals, CCC to F, 30 notes.  
Compass of Manuals, CC to A, 58 notes.

PEDAL.			
	Ft.		Ft.
Tibia Profunda ...	16	Flute ...	8
Bourdon ...	16	Tuba Profunda ...	16
Dulciana ...	16		

Great to Pedal. Swell to Pedal.  
Choir to Pedal.

GREAT.			
	Ft.		Ft.
Tibia Plena ...	8	Principal ...	4
Open Diapason ...	8	Flute ...	4
Stopped Diapason ...	8	Tuba Sonora ...	8
Dulciana ...	8		

Swell to Great (Sub).  
Swell to Great (Unison), Double Touch.  
Swell to Great (Super).  
Choir to Great (Sub).  
Choir to Great (Unison), Double Touch.  
Five Composition Pedals.

SWELL.			
	Ft.		Ft.
Horn Diapason ...	8	Principal ...	4
Hobflöte ...	8	Horn ...	8
Echo Salicional ...	8	Oboe ...	8
Voix Celeste (Ten. C) ...	8		

Sub Octave. Choir to Swell, and Touch.  
Super Octave. Five Composition Pedals.

CHOIR.			
	Ft.		Ft.
Viol da Gamba ...	8	Dolce ...	8
Lieblich Gedact ...	8	Corno di Bassetto ...	8

Super-Octave-Swell to Choir (Double Touch).  
Swell to Choir (Super).

GENERAL ACCESSORIES.

Stop Switch (Key and Pedal). Sforzando Pedal.

The soundboards of the "Swell" and "Choir" have been extended to C for the use of the octave couplers.

Certain organ-building firms are rather busy just now in singing the praises of their important instruments, and much talk concerning unscientific, or cheap-and-nasty work, is in the air. I admit that the instruments in question generally do merit such praise, but when I hear it, I can never help calling to mind the numberless little organs by the same eminent

firms which are buried away in country churches, where there is no one musician enough to discover the extent of the groovings, stopped basses, and other money-saving devices adopted in their construction. True, their actual workmanship, such as the scaling of the pipes, and the material (wood and metal alike) of which they are made, leaves little to be desired, and there is rarely any need to resort to "bleeding" or such-like devices of the true jerry-builder, but it has always seemed to me a mean proceeding that country parsons and churchwardens should be asked to pay the price of a complete instrument and not get it. The fact of the work being good as far as it goes, is no excuse for its not going far enough. The vicar points to his instrument with pride, and in mentioning the price, usually adds that it is rather heavy, "but you see we went to a first-class builder, and so had to pay a little for the name." He has "paid for the name" doubtless, but he has also paid a forfeit for his ignorance of organ construction. I have now in my mind the case of an instrument of this kind by a firm that has lately been doing a fair amount of self-puffing. There are thirteen speaking stops, of which one (Bourdon pedal) is sixteen feet, two are four feet, and one two feet. Of the rest, the open diapason and the oboe are the only ones not grooved to the stopped diapason; the wood pipes are ordinary pine; the metal ones are by no means of expensive make; the case is of the plainest; there is not even the expense of a harmonic stop or a pedal open; there are three composition pedals to the Great and none to the Swell. And the price was £400!

Efforts are being made to induce the Doncaster Corporation to erect an organ in their large Corn Exchange, which is frequently in request for musical performances.

Dr. C. J. Frost has succeeded Mr. Churchill Sibby as Organist and Musical Director at the Goldsmiths' Institute, New Cross. His friend, Dr. Warwick Jordan, indignantly denies the report that he (Dr. Jordan) was a candidate for the post.

The organ in the Chapel Royal at Hampton Court Palace has been renovated by Messrs. Hill. The instrument was built by Christopher Schreider, the original builder of the Westminster Abbey Organ. The Schreider organ at Hampton Court replaced a smaller one from the workshop of Schreider's father-in-law, the famous Bernhard, or "Father" Smith, to whom the organs at St. Paul's Cathedral, the Temple, and so many of the City churches were due. Father Smith, who was Court organ-builder to Queen Anne, died about 1708, and was succeeded by his former apprentice and son-in-law Schreider, who in 1710 was appointed organ-builder to the Royal chapels, the organ at Hampton Court being almost his first work. On a small organ built by Schreider for Henry VII.'s Chapel at Westminster Abbey the accompaniments to Handel's noble "Funeral" anthem were first played at the funeral of Queen Caroline. (*Musical Standard*.)

M. Widor has composed a new symphony for organ and orchestra which was recently performed at the opening of the Victoria Hall, Geneva. Messrs. Schott & Co. now publish it, I believe.

Messrs. Walcker, of Frankfurt, have recently erected two organs in England—one at St. Annes-on-Sea (opened by Mr. Best), and the other at Kilmarnock. Their specifications do not differ in any respect from the usual English type.

The death is announced of Mr. Charles Severn (sometime organist of St. Mary, Islington), at the age of 90. He was well known in his day as a contrabassist, and played in the first performance of Mendelssohn's *Elijah*.

A memorial window to S.S. Wesley is to be placed in one of the side chapels of Gloucester Cathedral. The subscription list is still open, and either Mr. C. L. Williams or Mr. T. W. G. Cooke, Palace Yard, Gloucester, will gladly receive and acknowledge donations.

Mr. Lemare will give Organ Recitals, interspersed with vocal music, at Holy Trinity, Sloane Square, on Saturday afternoons, at 5 o'clock.

At an Anglican church in Paris they have inaugurated choral celebrations as distinct services.

They have also (tell it not in Rouen or Solmes) introduced that weird and gruesome concoction known as *Dorian and Nottingham*.

The President of the R.C.O. has been knighted. No fitter person could have been selected for the honour.

Want of space compels me to hold the "Diaphone" over to next month the account of my visit to the Hope-Jones Organ Works. For the present I may say that I examined the new "diaphone" stop, mentioned in last month's remarks, and found that previous descriptions had not misled me as to its nature. The volume of tone is certainly tremendous, but without coarseness or raspiness, and, without altering the pitch, it can be reduced to any extent desired. Mr. Hope-Jones was good enough to let me see the actual construction of the pipe. I am not at liberty to say how the effect is produced, as patent proceedings are in progress in connection with it; but I may state that it struck me as being ingenious, and that the description of it as being analogous "neither to flue or reed work" is quite correct.

I have been able to obtain, in an interview with Mr. E. J. Rogers, of the Catholic Choir Festival.

Newcastle-on-Tyne, some further information respecting the Catholic Choir Union mentioned last month. A performance of Gounod's *Messe Solenne* is to be given by the combined choirs at the Olympia, Newcastle-on-Tyne, with full orchestra, in August. The programme of the concert will be further made up by orchestral and vocal selections. The performances of the joint choirs in church is not contemplated at present, but a Mass has been chosen (in preference to an Oratorio) for the concert, in order to kill two birds with one stone, i.e. jointly perform a work which shall afterwards come in useful at each individual church. This is, I believe, the first attempt at a Catholic Choir festival in this country, and great credit is due to the energetic conductor for his plucky efforts.

In addition to his musical directorship at the Tyne Theatre, Mr. Rogers is also Organist and Choirmaster of the Dominican Church (in the same city), which deservedly enjoys a high reputation for the character of its music, orchestral performances being of frequent occurrence.

JUBAL (JUNIOR).

## Music in Glasgow.

THE Glasgow Scottish Orchestral Union, under Mr. Henschel, still hold the field; and there has been little or no musical enterprise (if we except the Abstainers' Union Concerts) outside this body. The usual Tuesday "Classical" and Saturday "Popular" concerts are being given.

That on Christmas Day in St. Andrew's Hall was of more than usual importance. The programme contained Berlioz's "Harold in Italy" and Beethoven's C minor symphonies, and Mr. and Mrs. Henschel sang. There was a large audience.

On New Year's Day, at noon, the annual performance of the *Messiah* took place to a record house, the artists being Mademoiselle Trebelli, Madame Belle Cole, Messrs. Braxton Smith and Andrew Black. The solo parts being well filled, it only required the Choral Union to make an ideal performance, and, truth to say, the chorus scarcely came up to their usual standard. It may be that familiarity breeds contempt. Mr. Jos. Bradley conducted, and the accompaniments were given by the Scottish Orchestra, and there is room for congratulation in their case.

The principal events to come are a performance of Gounod's *Gallia* and Verdi's *Requiem*; also Paderewski gives a recital on the 17th inst. Your readers will have heard that Mr. Henschel terminates his engagement with the Scottish Orchestra Company at the end of this season, and several names have been mentioned as his successor; but we are in a position to state that this is all conjecture; it is just as possible it may be Mr. Henschel again as any other. Mr. August Manns is to be entertained to a banquet here on the 21st inst. by his many admirers.









MISS ELLEN TERRY.